JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII No. 433. SATURDAY. SEPTEMBER 19, 1914 ONE PENNY

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For meaning of this No. see page 17.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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FIRST READ THIS. If you predict the "Home" Team will win put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Oct. 3rd.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Newcastle U.	v.	Tottenham H.
			Middlesbro'	v.	Burnley
			Sheffield U.	v.	Bradford C.
			Aston Villa	v.	Chelsea
			Liverpool	v.	Everton
			Oldham A.	v.	Sheffield W.
			Manchester U.	v.	Sunderland
			Nottingham F.	v.	Preston N. E.
			Leicester F.	v.	Bury
			Glossop	v.	Huddersfield T.
			Leeds C.	v.	Arsenal
			Hull C.	v.	Derby C.
			Luton T.	v.	Brighton & H. A.
			Portsmouth	v.	Gillingham
			Southend U.	v.	West Ham U.
			Queen's Park R.	v.	Plymouth
			Millwall A.	v.	Watford
			Bristol R.	v.	Northampton
			Croydon C.	v.	Southampton
			Reading	v.	Crystal Palace

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

3

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or penciling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "*Mary Bull*," 33, Parker Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest, No. 3, and post to reach us not later than Friday, October 2nd.

3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the *Sporting Life*, of all the matches given played to a finish on October 3rd. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct Forecasts whatever the number; and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*. If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,000, or the £100, the *Mary Bull* prize will be awarded to the sender of the next most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1000, the £100 as well as the special £25 mauve coupon Prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

THE CLOSING DATE IS FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2nd.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.	H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Newcastle U. v. Tot'ham H.				Leeds C. v. Arsenal
			Middlesbro' v. Burnley				Hull C. v. Derby C.
			Sheffield U. v. Bradford C.				Luton T. v. Brighton & H. A.
			Aston Villa v. Chelsea				Portsmouth v. Gillingham
			Liverpool v. Everton				Southend U. v. West Ham U.
			Oldham A. v. Sheffield W.				Queen's P. R. v. Plymouth
			Man. U. v. Sunderland				Millwall A. v. Watford
			Notts F. v. Preston N.E.				Bristol R. v. Northampton
			Leicester F. v. Bury				Croydon C. v. Southampton
			Glossop v. Huddersfield T.				Reading v. Crystal Palace

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVII. No. 433. Week ending Saturday, September 19th, 1914. One Penny.

READY IN A FEW DAYS.

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S
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£10 REWARD.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Our Meeting.

What a meeting it was! Every inch of the great Opera House packed and thousands outside clamouring for admission. As we told the audience, the success of the demonstration was doubtless due to the fact that it hadn't been "organised"—coupled, perhaps, with a little curiosity as to the personality of the "Nobody" who had dared to speak the truth.

Mr. "Nobody."

Let us explain. In the course of *his* speech at the Opera House a few days earlier, Mr. F. E. Smith told his hearers that whilst everybody knew what had been going on in Germany during the past six years "nobody" had thought it "discreet" to say anything about it. Indeed, we had all been compelled to speak "with the delicacy and reticence which were appropriate in times of peace"! How we defended *our* indelicacy and verbosity you will gather from the official report of our speech—ready in a few days, price one penny.

An Apology—and a Promise.

We were sorry that so many were turned away, and are considering the possibility of getting the Albert Hall or some similar building at an early date—when, if we succeed, we will see that not a single seat is reserved; although we may state at once, in reference to the dissatisfaction on the point expressed by the crowd outside, that not a seat was sold and that the complimentary tickets allotted amongst our old constituents and others bore but a very small proportion to the capacity of the theatre. However, there shall be *none* next time.

Not Ready Again.

Is it a fact that last week two thousand recruits at Aldershot were given a fortnight's pay and told they could go home for that period—there being no supply of quarters, equipment or food available? *This* is not the way to get more men. *Why* weren't we ready? But things *are* getting better.

Party Clubs.

Now that public meetings are being organised under the joint auspices of Liberal and Conservative Clubs, why not go a step further, and let the members of the one become automatically members of the other? This would mean the ultimate survival of the clubs with the best billiard rooms and kitchens, and the cheapest drinks. In other words, the "survival of the fittest."

A Word with Prince Christian.

Whilst we are glad to hear that a large number of the Prince's employees have left for the front, we do not quite like the idea of his son, Prince Albert, having gone over to Germany to fight for our enemies. After all, we *do* allow Princess Christian £6,000 a year!

The War and Sport.

Just a mem. for those who would stop sport. The other day a subscription was opened at the Victoria Club—the chief Turf rendezvous—and in a few minutes nearly £1,300 was subscribed. This has now been increased to just upon £2,000—a nice little windfall for the Prince of Wales' Fund. And, strangely enough, the donors do not advertise their names.

War News!

The following paragraph, from the *Daily Mail*, is of course "for men only":—

> The Germans in East Prussia are employing trained dogs to scent out Cossack scouts. The Cossacks are successfully countering this ruse by sending in advance a number of female dogs of the same breed.

Once upon a time there appeared in one of the dailies an article on "The Gullibility of Editors"; but that was a long time ago—wasn't it, Alfred?

Motor-Cars and the War.

We hope we are not to have a repetition of the South African scandals in the matter of war purchases. But we hear some very unsavoury stories about the motor-car buying for the War Office.

"England Expects——"

This abbreviation of Nelson's famous message is the title of the great patriotic recruiting play which Mr. Seymour Hicks will produce at the London Opera House on Thursday. England expects that everyone will go and see it.

A Strange Compact.

The Kaiser recently gave the British residents in a Belgian town permission to attend their own Church *on condition that they did not pray for our success in the war!* How does he know they kept to the compact?

£1,000 for a Football Forecast. New Contest. See page 23.

Fraternal Piffle.

The Accrington Trades Council has decided to send "fraternal greetings" to the workpeople of Germany and Austria, and to tell them that the British workers have no quarrel with them. The Accrington Trades Council is not a body of any serious importance, but as their futile resolution has been reported in the Press, it may be politic to make passing reference to it. British workers may have no quarrel with German and Austrian workers, but they should remember that the rank and file of the German Army are drawn from the German working classes, and that German workers were consequently the perpetrators of the hideous atrocities inflicted on the Belgians. That those devilish deeds were done at the command of the Kaiser's officers is probable, but no excuse. Can we imagine British soldiers, also drawn mainly from the working classes, obeying such orders, slaughtering helpless women and children, and inflicting further tortures on the wounded? We cannot. Therefore we say that, judging by the conduct of their representatives in the German Army, German workers must be temperamentally bloodthirsty. How, then, can the Accrington Trades Council bring itself to send "fraternal greetings" to such men? And how, in view of the nameless crimes of which its German "brothers" have proved guilty, can it say it has "no quarrel with them"? If it feels it has no quarrel with them, its members are unworthy to bear the name of Britons. Are the Accrington workers beslimed by the trail of Kur Hardie?

Sheer Silliness at Sheerness.

Since the Duke of Cambridge bossed the War Office with his royal umbrella, cursing that ancient institution has more or less gone out of fashion. Ten years ago, however, Sheerness swore a desperate D, for in spite of protests the W.O. mounted two guns in the Breach Field in the centre of the town. Every time they were fired they shook up Sheerness like an earthquake, smashing windows and bringing down ceilings to such an extent that of late years they were rarely fired at all. Everybody then wanted the guns on the Minster Cliffs, to command the mouth of the Thames; now, after many years, the military authorities are erecting large defence works on the cliffs where the townspeople wished the guns placed at first, and an additional fort will probably be put there. Thus does Time teach his children wisdom.

A Publican's Protest.

In the first rush to the Colours, a Hendon licensed victualler found himself too old for the Regular or Territorial Forces. Anxious to be something more than lumber in these stirring times, he awaited his opportunity, and with the call for Special Constables he at once tendered his services. To his delight, he was instantly accepted and detailed for the duty of guarding the telegraph wires upon a strip of country road. Imagine his disgust when, a few days later, he received an intimation from the Home Office that it was illegal for him to hold a licence for the sale of liquor while discharging the duties of a constable! In other words, if he wants to "do his bit" for his country, he must give up his living. In these circumstances, it is hard to see why he was allowed to enrol, and in any case the prohibition appears to be wholly unnecessary. The general rule which prevents a police officer from holding a licence is doubtless a salutary one, but there is surely no reason why it should be applied to special constables in the exceptional circumstances now obtaining. For men so placed there is plenty of work which cannot possibly conflict with their interests as licensed victuallers.

Relief for Ratepayers.

The Courts (Emergency Powers) Act contains no direct provision in regard to municipal rates, but we are glad to note that this matter has not wholly escaped the attention of the Government. At present the local authorities have only six months in which to recover by process of law, and this circumstance may serve to explain, though it can scarcely excuse, the haste with which some of them have issued summonses in respect of arrears, and even of current instalments. Mr. Herbert Samuel has now introduced a Bill which will enable the Councils indefinitely to postpone the collection of rates without prejudice to their right of ultimate recovery. It should be said that this measure is not intended to afford relief to "bad payers," and its operation will be rigidly confined to cases of distress arising from the war. The scheme is of a merely permissive nature, and everything will depend upon the spirit in which it is applied by the municipalities, and by the magistrates, without whose sanction no summons can go forth.

Mischievous Methods.

We are not much enamoured of the thinly-veiled compulsion to enlist which is being applied in certain directions. We hear of firms which have unconditionally discharged their unmarried employees of serviceable age, "having no further use for men who ought to be at the Front." Such methods are by no means to our liking. We do not for a moment believe that such pressure is necessary, and we are convinced that, from every point of view, it is about the worst form of compulsion that could be devised. The voluntary system is still on its trial, and, as yet, it shows no signs of serious breakdown. If and when it fails, there will have to be some kind of compulsory service, but the compulsion must be applied by the State, impartially, and without respect of persons. Meanwhile there is profound wisdom in the old tag that "One volunteer is worth ten pressed men."

Germhun Effrontery.

For audacious impudence and unblushing audacity, commend us to the Germhun firm of Bracht and Friedlaender, Shepherdess Walk, City Road, N. "Dear Sirs," runs a circular they have addressed to their customers, "please take note that we shall continue our firm in future under the style of Brock and George. . . . Our Mr. C. Bracht has by deed poll adopted the name of Charles Brock. Below we give you his and Mr. Friedlaender's new signatures. Yours truly, C. Bracht and Friedlaender." As the worthy Friedlaender is to become George, the worthy Bracht seems to have rather missed it in not calling himself Brook. Better still, why did not both start again as Brown and Robinson, or Smith and Jones? We hope the British customers of the firm will not hesitate to mark their sense of Herr Bracht and Herr Friedlaender's manœuvre.

The Truce.

We must not be too sure that the Party truce will last longer than public decency demands. You have only to drop into one of the Revision Courts now sitting, and watch the respective Party Agents tearing the various parliamentary Registers to pieces—raising every kind of technical stupid "objection" to the enfranchisement of everyone not of their own "colour"—to realise that the game is merely in suspense; and then you have but to reflect upon the huge army of paid officials which the Party system keeps employed, to realise further what a deeply rooted vested interest we who plead for the abolition of the fraud are up against.

Result of our First Football Contest. Page 23.

Four-Footed Fighters.

To lovers of horses there is something peculiarly painful in the thought of the fearful carnage which must have occurred among our four-footed friends at the Front. In the South African War, the Army Veterinary Department was among the least efficient of our military services, and, unhappily, there is no good reason to believe that any substantial improvement has since been effected. Several humane societies are just now raising funds for the equipment of private veterinary corps, but it is by no means certain that these bodies will be permitted to proceed to the scene of operations. Through the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the War Office has announced that its own Veterinary Service is quite capable of coping unaided with the existing situation, a statement obviously intended to discourage voluntary effort. We have much sympathy with those whose humane efforts have thus been frustrated, and we share the misgivings which have prompted their activity. We are well aware that there are those to whom the sufferings of the brute creation makes but a scant appeal, but in these terrible days there is surely room for every impulse of compassion.

Catastrophic Pests.

An Egremont reader wishes to know whether something cannot be done "to stop the blasphemous outpourings of the pharisaical creatures who infest the foreshores of British seaside towns and harrow the feelings of those who have relatives fighting at the Front, to say nothing of those who haven't, by proclaiming an awful doom for men and women who die 'unconverted'? Night after night these pseudo Gospel-mongers inflict upon all who stroll about the sands and promenades an avalanche of frothy invective, in an unseemly endeavour to portray the Almighty as a vengeful fiend, who consigns 'lost' human souls to the unspeakable torments of a fiery furnace." It is difficult to say what is to be done; unless it be not to listen.

Why we are at War.

The Rev. W. Canner, Priest-in-Charge of St. Paul's Mission Church at Rotherhithe, is another fine representative of the Theological College of Cant. He explains in his parish magazine why the nation is at war. "What men sow they must reap," he says. "His condemnation of sin cannot be altered. The sufferings and terrors of war He has allowed in His mercy in order to bring us to our right senses." This idea is certainly confirmatory of the views of the Kaiser, who sends his Germhuns into war with "Gott mit uns" on their belts. God is with the Germhuns because they are saints, and in His mercy He has selected them as His chosen people to chastise us with the sword, because we are sinners. We will have this explanation wired to the Kaiser's Lie Factory as soon as ever we can get it through.

Football and Footle.

As it appears to us, there is a lot of footle about the demand that, because the nation is at war, the national game of football should cease. Is it the proposition that Britons should neither play nor laugh—that they should now be sad and downhearted? Everybody cannot go to war, even every young man; somebody must stay in the shop and the office, the mart and the warehouse, the mill and the forge. When the workers have done their shift at the great industrial and commercial machine, are they to have no relaxation? And if football is to cease, why are the theatres, picture shows, band performances and any other entertainments to be continued? We are not yet a nation in mourning, thank God!

Naturally!

Messrs. L. and J. Morris, of 12, Richard Street, Commercial Road, E., are sending out circulars broadcast, inviting foreigners to hurry up and become Britishers. They word their appeal as follows:—

> NATURALIZATION. DON'T DELAY.—Become Naturalized and obtain British Privileges and Benefits. If you are a British Subject, perhaps you have friends who are not. We will give them ADVICE and INFORMATION absolutely FREE OF CHARGE.

We would be glad to know whether Messrs. Morris are actuated by sentiments of pure patriotism in inviting foreigners to swear allegiance to our King and Empire, and thereby "obtain British *privileges and benefits*" which have been won by the blood and agony and tears of generations of true-born British men and women. It seems to us an inopportune time to encourage or facilitate the naturalisation of aliens in our midst. Doubtless many a foreigner of recent importation, moved by fear and self-interest, would be only too glad to be able to boast *Civis Britannicus sum* in these stormy times. But we are by no means anxious to see the number of the King's subjects increased in such a manner and by such material. British citizenship is too precious a thing to be made a purchasable commodity, and should be conserved by the authorities with the most jealous care.

Brigands at Deal.

What we do not hesitate to describe as blackguardly brigandage at Deal is revealed in the case of the s.s. *Brisk*, which signalled for boatmen to take off its refugees. In reply, three men pulled a boat alongside, took off eleven refugees with what belongings the poor desolate creatures had saved, and before landing them made the extortionate demand of £5 for the little work they did in calm weather, threatening at the same time that they would take the people back to the vessel if they did not get it. But for the arrival of the police and Customs officers, there is little doubt that the brigand boatmen would have extorted the money from these pitiable victims of the bloody Germhuns. Such men disgrace the British name.

An Unfeeling Suggestion.

Alderman H. Osborn, of East Ham, has ideas of his own. From his place on the local Bench he recently declared: "In distributing money from the Relief Fund to ladies whose husbands have gone to the Front, we shall have to find them some work to do for it"; and again, "Every penny they get they should work for, and I hope this will be advocated by the various Relief Committees throughout England." With due respect to the worthy Alderman, we trust the Relief Committees will do nothing so silly. Hasn't it occurred to Alderman Osborn that the "work" is being done by the men at the Front?

"Coal in Kent."

If our memory correctly serves us, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners some years ago leased, or otherwise permitted the use of, certain land in Kent for coalmining purposes to a number of Germans hailing from Westphalia. The works were carefully fenced round, none but Germans were employed (so they say in the district) and nobody unconnected with the Company's business was allowed within the precincts; in a word, the greatest secrecy was observed in everything appertaining to the enterprise. Vot aboudt dot coalmine now? How many Germhuns are working there? Are they, to the knowledge of the policeman on the beat, engaging wholly and solely in the peaceable and even beneficent search for Kent coal somewhere near the middle of the earth, and does he shine his bull's eye on the place at night? In war and peace queer things sometimes happen when nobody is looking.

£250 for Two or Three Words. See "Bullets," page 24.

OUR CALL TO ARMS.

REFLECTIONS BY THE EDITOR BEFORE THE GREAT MEETING.

We are writing, on a beautiful Sunday morning, with the silent South Downs in front of us and the singing of the simple congregation in the village church falling on our ears. At our side lies our old and faithful collie—companion in many an otherwise lonely hour—gazing wonderingly at us as we write, and ever and anon, by a paw on our arm, reminding us of his presence. We look into his wondrous eyes, and with a smile at the smug self-conceit of those humans who think that they alone have souls, pat the old fellow on the head and tell him we understand; and then we settle down to think once more of the Great Day which is dawning on the world, and how *we* are to meet it, and of what *we* can do to help our fellow men to prepare for the ordeal; for, verily, it will try the metal of the best of us. And, the singing being over, we smile again as we reflect upon the contribution which the dear old parson of the parish—best of men, God bless him!—is making to the solution of the problem. And by degrees our mind wanders to the great meeting which we are to address in the London Opera House to-morrow, and we begin to consider the message we shall have to deliver.

OUR BATTLE CRY.

What is to be *our* battle cry? That one is expected of us we have ample evidence, for from every part of the kingdom come requests for seats, and according to latest reports the police look like having a busy time in keeping Kingsway clear for traffic. You see, the meeting has not been "organised"; there has been no "official" machinery at work. Consequently, it will be a real, genuine *public* meeting; and although no great parliamentary gladiators will take the arena, there will, after all, be a Minister of the Crown there; for have not we before us, as we write, our appointment "to be Steward and Bailiff of the Three Hundreds of Chiltern"? True, there is a clerical error in the spelling of both the Hundreds and our name—but that is the official way, and being customary, does not affect the validity of our appointment. Equally true is it that since assuming the post we have taken no steps to acquaint ourselves with its duties and responsibilities; but in that respect we do not differ very greatly from some at least of our Ministerial colleagues. And if it be further pointed out that since, in accordance with law, vacating our seat on the assumption of this "place of profit under the Crown," we have failed to obtain re-election, we are again comforted by the reflection that we are not alone in our misfortune, being cheered by the rollicking companionship of dear brother Masterman! But to the meeting. What is to be *our* battle cry?

The Death of Party.

Clearly that must come first, for it is the obvious and immediate outcome of the crisis. But the lesson will want emphasising. We are somewhat suspicious of the present truce, and we do not accept without reserve the protestations of brotherly love by professional politicians who a few weeks ago were searching their dictionaries for new epithets to hurl at each other's heads. And we remember that even as they speak, with hands upon their hearts, their paid agents are actively engaged in the various Revision Courts of the country, doing their uttermost to disfranchise every citizen who is not of the approved Party colour. We must, therefore, impress upon the public the importance of keeping its eyes on the lawyer M.P.s and other professional guardians of our liberties. And, surely, we shall have little trouble in proving how lamentably they have failed in the past to grasp the meaning of the things which were happening under their very noses—just as even now they fail utterly to understand the import of the mighty struggle in which the nations are engaged. And we shall have a word to say to our friend "F. E.," who at a meeting in the same building a few nights ago had the unconscious temerity to tell his audience that "everybody" had known what was happening in Germany during the past six years, but that the politicians "had spoken with the delicacy and reticence appropriate to times of peace." In other words, the next time you find a burglar loitering round your house, just treat him as a gentleman; be delicate in your allusions to the sanctity of private property and reticent of any curiosity as to the nature of the implements sticking out of his pockets. Any departure from this code of conduct would, in the opinion of our Right Hon. and learned friend, not be "discreet"—and we all know that discretion is the better part of valour! Yes, we shall have something to say to "F. E." And to our noble friend Lord Haldane—now in his proper place on the woolsack, but who, whilst masquerading (under our Party system) as Minister for War was fooled to the top of his bent by the Kaiser and his military confederates. We once heard the dear old fellow say (and we are not sure that he didn't also write it) that Shakespeare, Goethe and Schiller—we do not think he included Heine!—constituted an invulnerable guarantee for Anglo-German brotherhood! And thereupon he proceeded to reduce our army—whilst the arsenals of Krupp were working overtime, and Teuton officers were drinking to "*Am Tag*"! And to the egregious "Labour leaders," who, themselves led by Keir Hardie and Ramsay Macdonald—two canny, dour Scots, without an ounce of warm blood in their veins—went gallivanting about the Continent, posing as inspired and inspiring apostles of peace, and professing to voice the views of healthy British working men. And then there were the Little Navy—Love your brother—Smite the Other Cheek chaps, *not one of whom must ever be allowed to sit in the House of Commons again.* Great God, where should we be to-day if we had listened to them!

The War.

When, in the first days of the crisis, it became manifest that the murder of Serajevo was but a pretext—and that the fight was not to be Teuton *versus*

Slav, but Germany *versus* the world, our course was clear. To the credit of the Government be it said they did not fall into the criminal scheme proposed to Britain. We were to be induced by a corrupt and infamous bargain to desert our allies and stand aloof. The sword is unsheathed, and for six weeks nearly ten millions of men have been in the field. And, probably, if the truth were known, already a million have lost their lives. Just think of the figures. But there is this consolation; when a war is on such a scale it cannot last long, and with all respect to Mr. Churchill and even Lord Kitchener, we predict that we are even now witnessing the beginning of the end. Naval and military strategy apart, there is the personal equation to be considered, and human beings simply cannot fight for long under modern conditions. Nor is there enough money, or credit, or food to hold out, and *provided we keep up steam at full pressure*, it will all be over in six months at the latest. Indeed, we shall not be surprised to see another Berlin Treaty signed by the end of the year.

THE SETTLEMENT.

The settlement will, of course, resolve itself into a number of Treaties. Russia will require reparation on a big scale, and so will France; whilst Servia, too, will be entitled to compensation. It would be an interesting study to speculate upon the form which the demands of these nations will take; but that will keep for the moment. We are concerned with ourselves, and our view is that the heads of agreement with us should be:—

1. The Handing over of the German Warships.
2. The Payment of an Indemnity to cover the whole cost of the war, *including loss of trade and provision for the dependents of the killed and wounded.*
3. The partition of Germany into separate States, as in 1866, each with a limited Army, for defence only.
4. *The Dethronement and Expulsion of the Kaiser.*

Until those terms are conceded, British troops—Home, Indian and Colonial—must pour into France *and Germany*. After all, British credit is still the highest in the world, and with all our past bungling and folly we are best able amongst the nations to stand the strain. And, ye gods, we *can* fight! And it must this time be a fight to a finish. No more inflated naval and military estimates. *Fifty million pounds a year to be liberated for the relief of poverty, unemployment and sickness. That* is where the workers come in; *that* is why it is a *People's* war; THAT IS WHY ALL ELIGIBLE MEN MUST ENLIST.

THE ARMY'S PAY.

And there must be more generous treatment for Tommy all round. He must know when he goes into battle that, whether he be killed or wounded, those who depend upon him will be looked after. He must know that whilst he is away the separation allowance is being regularly and promptly paid. He must know that the money which a grateful public subscribe for the relief of his wife and kiddies is being distributed with kindly and willing hands; he doesn't want the methods of the Charity Organisation Society—with its espionage more reprehensible than German spying. None of your "Nosy Parkers" prying into family affairs, and not too much of the Church and Chapel element, if you please. He feels that he is well earning all that comes his way—and Heaven knows that he is! It is a ghastly and a bloody business in which he is engaged, and if he comes out of it with his life, the least we owe him is to see that he and his shall always have a roof over their heads—their *own* roof—and food in their bellies. And the Employers' Liability Act must be extended to him. After all, he is not engaged to be killed!

THE CHURCHES.

We said something just now about the Churches and Chapels. Well, what are *they* doing? Isn't it lamentable to see their impotence in this crisis? And may not it well be that when the great stock-taking comes about, after the war, men and women will ask for a more human and helpful Church, in the same way as they will ask for a more honest and capable system of government? All things, indeed, will go into the national melting-pot. But only the gold will come out. False religion, sham politics—all will remain with the dross. For War is God's method of human chastisement—mysterious and beyond finite conception as it is—to-day. Let the Churches put aside their frivol and their plumage, and their rubrics and their ritual, their theology and their dogma—and then they will grasp the meaning of what is happening in the world around them.

THE LESSON SUMMARISED.

Let us then summarise the lesson of the war. We are to become a regenerated and purified nation. We are to cease fooling. We are to realise our place in the world.

No more Party Humbug.

A Business Government—which means at the head of every Department of State a man who understands its work.

No more Germans acting as British Consuls.

Freedom, but not Abuse of our Ports.

No more Sham "Boards," but genuine representative bodies under the Presidency of an Expert.

No more lawyers at the head of the Army.

Or the Navy.

Or the Treasury.

No more German-bred M.Ps.

No more Sectarian strife.

We will go back to the time when—

The great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.
When none was for a Party,
But all were for the State.

Then the war will, with all its horror, have been a mighty, albeit a cruel, awakening.

As gold must be tried in the fire—
So the *world* must be chastened by grief.

And when the New Day dawns, our national Coat of Arms must be changed. The British Lion must no longer be what the Heralds call *passant gardant*, with one foot in the air. *That foot must be put down for ever.* And our motto must then be simply *Civis Britannicus Sum*—"I am a British citizen"—which shall be the emblem of our strength, the symbol of our liberty, the pride of our birth, and the seal of our heritage—a passport through every portal of the earth, commanding respect from the strongest and inspiring hope in the weakest; and enabling us, as we tread with reverence and wonder the path of our unknown Destiny, to walk erect in the sight of God and man.

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A STRAIGHT TALK TO JOHN REDMOND.

ARE WE REALLY FRIENDS?—FOR WHOM DOES HE SPEAK?

Since congratulating Mr. John Redmond upon his splendid utterance in the House of Commons at the outset of the war, we have had little to say about the eternal Irish problem. We were content to assume that the Nationalist leader meant what he said and was voicing the sentiments of, at any rate, the great bulk of his followers. And we had pleasing evidence that the loyalty of our brave Irish soldiers was wholly unimpaired, and that, as on countless occasions in our past history, they were ready, at the word of command, to sacrifice all for the flag of United Britain. As for Sir Edward Carson and his Unionist adherents, we never had a doubt of their essential loyalty to the Empire, and it was with intense satisfaction that we learned of the eagerness of many Ulster Volunteers to enlist for service abroad. The Home Rule difficulty appeared to be in process of adjustment, and we were anxious to say no word which might mar the fair prospect of peace. Unhappily, we can keep silence no longer. In a section of the Nationalist Press there has been a disgraceful and traitorous outburst of anti-British fanaticism which compels our instant protest.

We turn first to the September number of *Irish Freedom*, a monthly journal published in Dublin. The general style of this paper is that of a substantial and prosperous organ, though we have no exact particulars of its circulation. Right across the front page in large and heavy type we read :—"GERMANY IS NOT IRELAND'S ENEMY." This propitious dictum is followed by a series of "notes" dealing almost exclusively with the Anglo-German War. They are obviously editorial, and are typical of the whole tone and policy of the journal. Having presented his own garbled account of the origin of the war, the writer proceeds :—

> These contemptible British! A few weeks ago their newspapers were full of venomous libels: to-day they fawn upon us, pleading for help in their hour of desperate need. Irishmen will give their loyalty to Ireland only. Britain's interests and Ireland's interests never have been identical. They are not so now. The union of the shark with its prey is the only bond between us. Ireland is not at war with Germany. Wise and dignified action, worthy of a people who would be free, will bring great profit to Ireland, whether Germany smashes the British or is borne down. For the present Ireland is neutral.

And here, from the same page, is the writer's notion of "neutral" obligations :—

> Stand aside and have your revenge. Without Ireland's help England may go down before Germany, as she would have gone down before the Boers had not the Irish fought her battle in South Africa. The Liberal Government's pretty little plan for stampeding Ireland into what is called "loyalty" is going to fail.

Mr. Asquith may well exclaim: "Save us from our friends!" But our arraignment must not rest upon quotations from a single organ. One more sniff at this particular garbage heap ere we pass on :—

> The Provisional Committee of the Irish Volunteers knows full well that not a single National Volunteer in Ireland will ever fire a shot or march a step to hold this country for England, and that any attempt to utilise the movement as Mr. Redmond wants to utilise it will result in a split.

If Mr. Redmond knows this, then he must say so without an instant's delay, in order that we may be on our guard. Meanwhile, a little more light may be thrown upon the matter by reference to the *Irish Volunteer*, an organ which is recognised as the mouthpiece of the National Volunteer movement. Here, surely, we shall obtain authoritative guidance. To our disgust and, be it confessed, with no little surprise, we find upon the face of this journal—the issue of August 29th—a paragraph in which delight at imaginary British reverses is but half concealed. Then, in conclusion, we are treated to a passage in which the writer sums up his views of the situation. It runs :—

> We know that always nestling at the very heart of our social system, polished and veneered to look like civilisation, English rule lay, ferocious, cruel and heartless. If we have not forgotten all the lessons of history that rule must be got rid of now. England's war is not our war, except in so far as it offers Ireland a unique opportunity to achieve freedom.

Is this rhetoric or treason? We have a right to know, and, we repeat, it is Mr. Redmond's duty to tell us. If he is doubtful of the temper of his followers, he must no longer pose as their spokesman. Hitherto we have trusted his word and judgment, but we can take no risks.

The wave of anti-British hysteria is not confined to political journals. The *Gaelic Athlete*, a Dublin sporting paper, cannot refrain from treasonable allusions. In its issue of August 22nd we read :—

> This sudden transition from (in many cases) extreme Nationalism to extreme loyalty is too unnatural for words. It is inconceivable that honest Nationalists could, in such a short time, logically court an alliance with forces which a few days ago were butchering their kith and kin in the streets of Dublin. Irishmen should not allow themselves to be stampeded into any anti-German frame of mind at the behest of British Imperialists.

Are Mr. Redmond and his colleagues included among the "British Imperialists" whom the writer decries? Is it nothing better than a "stampede" of his "followers" which, as the price of an early "settlement," the Nationalist leader will endeavour to effect? We are reminded of the Gilbertian lines :—

> In enterprise of martial kind,
> When there was any fighting
> He led his regiment from behind,
> And found it less exciting.

Is this Mr. Redmond's case? We had better know. Do these extracts reflect any serious body of public opinion in Ireland, or are they mere scum and froth, the idle effervescence of irresponsible minds?

Given a real truce, we should not have said a word upon the Irish question during the progress of hostilities, but in the face of this avalanche of roaring, ranting treason—we could fill our columns with quotations—we must say just this. The Irish question will never be settled by eighty odd votes at Westminster. It is far too big a thing for that. There can be no *peace* in Ireland while the temper of her people remains intransigent, but there can, and must, and shall be a *truce*, while we beat these German hell-hounds back. A truce there was—or so we thought—and we hold that every one of the paragraphs we have quoted is rank treason to the White Flag. Whom are we to blame? Did we parley with the wrong leader? Who is the real general of the Nationalist Forces? Who can speak for the South and West of Ireland? Carson has spoken for Ulster, and, as far as we know, loyally observed his parole. Had he broken it, we would have given him no shrift. If John Redmond cannot bring his unruly pack to heel, he must make way for someone who can. Where is the man?

Don't forget the Pen Coupon on page 15.

A DANGER SPOT.

HAMPSHIRE PARSON'S GERMAN PALS.

The Rev. C. P. Hopkins, M.A., of "The Abbey," Alton, Hants, has been from time to time a good deal in the public eye. Better known as "Father" Hopkins, he has been for some years past a prominent figure in the maritime world, and a responsible official of the British Sailors' and Firemen's Union.

It appears that the worthy Father's maritime sympathies are of a cosmopolitan character, and, at the outset of the war, he intimated that any German seaman, temporarily embarrassed by the outbreak of hostilities, would find a haven of refuge at "The Abbey." It should be explained that this retreat, situated at Beech, is a capacious building, constructed upon somewhat monastic lines, and surrounded by extensive and thickly wooded grounds. By the announcement that, with the outbreak of war, a German colony was to be established in their midst, the neighbours were genuinely alarmed. At Frimley, which is not far from Alton, a compound for German prisoners of war had been established, but a hostile camp, under private auspices and without any adequate guard, was clearly another matter.

It does not, however, appear that any serious obstacles were placed in the way of the scheme, and we understand that some 200 Germans have already taken up their abode at "The Abbey." For the most part, they are men who at one time or another have served in the British mercantile marine. Most of them, presumably, are alien enemies who, but for this generous hospitality, would have been placed under close police supervision, or, failing registration, made prisoners of war. The fact that they are permitted to move about the precincts of "The Abbey," without let or hindrance, scarcely serves to relieve the anxiety of the local residents, who quite justifiably claim Government protection. This aspect of the matter was to the fore at a recent meeting of the Alton Urban District Council, when several interesting disclosures were made. A brisk discussion was initiated by the reading of the following letter, received by the Clerk from the War Office authorities:—

> SIR,—With reference to your letter of the 10th inst., forwarding a copy of a communication from the Rev. Father C. P. Hopkins on the subject of the formation of a concentration camp for German seamen who have been serving with the British mercantile marine, I am directed to inform you that both the Home Office and the War Office are in sympathy with the proposal, and that the former Department is in communication with the reverend gentleman on the subject. It is, however, a matter for the local authorities to arrange, if they also approve of the proposal.

It appears, therefore, that the loose assemblage of two or three hundred alien enemies in the midst of a loyal and peaceable British community is a matter of indifference to the powers that be. They are "in sympathy" with Father Hopkins' curious notions of philanthropy, and blind to the necessity of special precautions. Their attitude implies a singular want of imagination and a lamentable disregard of local sentiment, and we are not surprised that it should have been warmly resented by the District Council. The feeling of the members may be gathered from the words in which Councillor Burrell summed up a lengthy discussion:—

> He did not wish to be in any way disrespectful to the men, but there was such a thing as a mutiny taking place, and if there was any risk he did not think that the guard was sufficient for the purpose. There was very great feeling in Beech, and it was shared largely in the town, that these men were not under proper control. He thought they might inform the War Office of what was taking place and again ask if in their opinion a guard was not necessary.

A resolution to this effect was unanimously carried, and we trust it may result in the speedy establishment of an efficient military guard. We understand that this demand is heartily endorsed by the Chief Constable, who, in the absence of the military, is primarily responsible for the maintenance of the King's peace. Father Hopkins may be a host in himself—we believe he is not without physical prowess—but the task of controlling some hundreds of burly seamen is altogether beyond the powers of a single man, however strong in the arm.

BREZET'S BRAZEN BOUNCE.

TELLING THE TALE TO THE TIRAILLEURS.

We are in measurable distance of the termination of hostilities—for the *Morning Post* of September 9th, in a column article, tells us that Colonel Adolph Brezet de Beaufort has been strenuously recruiting for a London Foreign Legion! According to our contemporary, the gallant Colonel has seen much military service, having been wounded half-a-dozen times, and has already over three hundred men in camp at Wembley. We are afraid, however, that the *Morning Post* is under a sad misapprehension regarding the character of the bombastic fire-eater. Brezet is, as a matter of fact, a notorious adventurer, and his three hundred cosmopolitan recruits are being duped. He certainly is a Frenchman and served in his country's colonial army for a few years, after which he set himself up as monarch of all he surveyed in a South American swamp—providing the expenses of maintaining his state by means of the sale of all sorts of fancy "orders" and "decorations." The Foreign Office, however, soon prevented the geese from laying the golden eggs by issuing a statement of the real position of matters. He now emerges—unabashed—from the merited obscurity into which he then fell. He has, of course, received no permission from the War Office to recruit, and is, therefore, breaking the law and liable to prosecution. In the case of patriotic people, with clean hands, such a breach might be condoned, but de Beaufort does not come within this category. In connection with the corps, he has premises at 18, Green Street, Leicester Square. As a "soldier of fortune" he is not very particular where he offers his sword, for he states that if the British War Office does not accept the corps, when raised, "service will be taken under either the Belgian or French flag." We very much doubt whether a Belgian or a French commander would care to be hampered with the swashbuckler. Directly we saw one of the Colonel's circulars our eye sought for a clause, which we soon found. It ran as follows, the "operative" and "touching" part being heavily underlined:—

> *Subscriptions to the Funds of the Corps are urgently required* and public-minded people who desire to assist this Corps are requested to forward their cheques.

We should like to know how much has been raised up to date, and what has been done with it. Brezet's three hundred men would also like to know, for none of them has received a penny in the way of pay, while their food has consisted mainly of bread and cheese. Such tomfoolery—and worse—should be stopped by the police or military authorities.

A SHAMEFUL SLANDER.

THE "CHRISTIAN WORLD" SPITS DIRT.

We print elsewhere a manly patriotic appeal from a North of England clergyman. In odious contrast to that virile utterance is the following extract from a recent issue of the *Christian World*:—

> I read somewhere that the German womenfolk were pampering the soldiers going to the front to the utmost of their ability, but that the Kaiser had forbidden anyone to give them liquor. We have not the same autocratic power of suppression in England that they have in Germany, nor do we wish for it, but we all see the wisdom of this restriction. In this way the men are not manned, but unmanned, and I have seen sad sights lately of drunkenness among these brave men at the railway stations, through the mistaken kindness of their friends.

Was there ever a more sickening outburst of aqua-puritan drivel? This scurrilous libel upon our brave troops has, of course, been launched from the cover of anonymity, else it might have gone hard with the writer. While British soldiers are fighting his battles on the Continent, he does not scruple to malign and slander them from the cowardly security of his easy chair. The implication that German troops are morally superior to our own is enough to make the blood of every Briton boil. Has not the progress of the German soldiery through Belgium and North-Eastern France been marked by a perfect orgy of drunkenness and lust? The *Christian World* has suppressed these horrors to make room for idle tales of the alleged indiscretions of our gallant fighters.

"Home" and "Away" Wins and "Draws." **New Football Contest. £1,000 to be Won.**

CUT-THROAT COMMERCE.

NO QUARTER FOR GERMAN TRADE.

In the present state of affairs the question of trading with enemies of Britain is one of paramount importance, and it has already been made the subject of a Royal Proclamation, which said :—

> If a firm with headquarters in hostile territory has a branch in neutral or British territory, trade with the branch is (apart from prohibition in special cases) permissible, as long as the trade is *bona fide* with the branch and no transaction with the head office is involved.

This pronouncement leaves matters upon a most unsatisfactory and indefinite footing. With the progress of the war, direct trade with hostile territories becomes so difficult as scarcely to call for prohibition, and in consequence of this obstruction German firms with branches in this country are redoubling their efforts to enlist British support. The "under-cutting," which has long been their chief competitive weapon, has been pushed to the most extreme lengths. Cash payments are insisted upon, but heavy discounts are offered. It is obvious that a desperate attempt is to be made to tide over the period of acute strain. In these circumstances the position of the British retail trader is one of no small difficulty, and it is probably out of regard for his interests that the Government have declined to proscribe this class of business. If he has been accustomed to stock goods of German manufacture, his customers may still be clamouring for articles of the same brand. Should he patriotically determine to have done with alien products, he has no guarantee that his rivals will follow his example, and in any case he must face the prospect of material loss. On the other hand, it is idle to deny that every transaction with a German firm tends to enrich its principals and thus to stiffen the resources of the foe.

By the courtesy of a London silversmith and plate dealer, we are able to reproduce a circular which, bearing date August, 1914, was recently issued by the Wurtemburg Electro Plate Company, of Holborn Viaduct, E.C. With factories in Germany, this firm has established an extensive branch connection in this country. The document is a fair example of the apologetic effusions to which British retailers have been treated during the last few weeks. It runs :—

> DEAR SIRS,—Referring to the enclosed "Wepco" Monthly Circular, we beg to point out that the same was printed before this lamentable war broke out, and to our great regret the issue of our new catalogue will have to be postponed until after peace has been declared. Our new prices, less 50 per cent., including cost of packing cases, are, however, in force now, of which kindly take note. Fortunately we have a very large stock on hand in London and shall be happy to execute your orders from here, but we should advise you to allow us to substitute other lines for any we have run short of . . . . Trusting that this dreadful and unnecessary war may soon be terminated, we beg to remain,

It is, then, clear that the company has lost nothing of the "cuteness" which has characterised its commercial dealings in the piping times of peace. In this connection our correspondent writes :—

> Their methods are to get hold of patterns of English manufacture, find out their wholesale prices, and then flood the market with the goods at much lower cost. Nine times out of ten they oust the English manufacturers. Now that the war is on, there are workmen in this trade, all over the country, who have nothing to do. Surely, if there are any crumbs to be picked up, the English workmen ought not to have this German competition to contend with.

Hitherto our fiscal differences have prevented us from dealing adequately with these abuses. It will be generally felt, however, that this is no time for half measures or for pedantic insistence upon theoretic considerations. In the trying months ahead, British industry will need all the support it can get, while the task of finding British labour for British hands will tax our powers to the uttermost. In these circumstances, and now that our rivals have become our foes, to protect British trade becomes a requirement of extreme urgency, far transcending the scope of any Party nostrum. The matter is not one which can safely be left to public caprice or even to the undirected patriotism of a section of the community. The prohibitions of the recent Proclamation must be extended to German firms trading from branches in this country.

WHAT'S WATSON?

"PASTY" PURVEYOR AND HIS "PINCH"-BECK PROPOSITION.

We are afraid that the campaign against German manufacturers is being utilised in some quarters as a pretext for the depletion of the pockets of patriots rather than of Teutonic traders. A few days ago the following advertisement appeared in a morning paper :—

> TRAVELLERS wanted by works opening in line to compete with Germany.—Apply by letter, Vernon Watson, 6, St. Paul's Terrace, Wolverhampton.

An "ambassador of commerce," whose ordinary business had suffered through the war, responded to the invitation, and in due course received a circular letter, which stated :—

> Your application has been duly considered, and providing you can furnish the customery (*sic*) trade deposit of £5 against the intrinsic value of samples with which you will be supplied, I am prepared to engage you on a three months' trial. I am putting a paste diamond on the Market together with other imitation jewels, which have hitherto been manufactured in Germany and on the borders of Austria for which there is a huge demand. Your salary and expenses will be at the rate of £10 per week inclusive, and at the end of the first three months if you are not a success your deposit will be refunded on receipt of the samples intact. If, however, as I hope will be the case, your sales are promising, you will be engaged for a period of six months, at the same rate. Your engagement will be practically at once, and as I am opening a depot in your city you will be expected to report there as soon as details are arranged. On receipt of your deposit, sample case, agreement, together with full instructions will be forwarded.

But our "commercial" was too old a bird to part with £5 in this way. His suspicions were naturally aroused by the haste in which Mr. Watson wanted to engage, at so large a salary, apparently everybody who was willing to hand him £5—no matter though, as in this particular instance, he was absolutely ignorant of the jewellery business. Another extraordinary feature, of course, is that (as in the case of so many of the "dear friend" bogus jewellery tricksters, whose wiles we have exposed) Mr. Watson seems to be opening a "depot" in every city and village from which he received a reply to his advertisement. We shall be glad if people who have transacted business with him will answer the query at the head of this paragraph.

WELL SAID, PARSON!

HULL VICAR'S PATRIOTIC PLEA.

There are regrettable exceptions, but for the most part the parsons are correctly interpreting their high patriotic duty. The following appeal from the Rev. W. Prescott Decie, Vicar of St. Paul's Church, Hull, could scarcely be bettered :—

> If prayer is our first duty, it is not our only one. For our young men there is the clear call to volunteer for service in the Navy or Army . . . Parents who find it hard to part with their sons must remember that if they keep them at home they are doing them a cruel injury, as they will go through life marked out as men who in the hour of need proved useless . . . He is wanted at the Front; his profession or calling will keep, and surely no man is going to be so mean-spirited as to be building up a career for himself whilst his fellow-countrymen are laying down their lives.

The fineness of this utterance renders comment superfluous. Read it again.

WIVES' WOES.

THE GIRLS THAT TOMMY LEAVES BEHIND HIM.

As our readers are aware, we have by their generosity been enabled to render many soldiers financial assistance, in order that they might get married by special licence before proceeding to the front. In some of these cases this was not only doing the soldier and the girl a good turn, but a little stranger who was expected, as well. As the law stands at present, separation allowances can be claimed only by those wives who were married prior to August 14th. This is obviously unjust. The law must be extended, and we feel sure Lord Kitchener will soon put it right.

The Biggest Prize Offer made by any Paper—See "Bullets," page 24.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA!

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

Sir John dispenses generous praise
On all who through those desperate days
Preserved the British Army's fame,
Punished the foe, and played the game.

The German hordes who hoped to be
By now ensconced in Gay Paree,
Turn when a fierce attack they meet,
And show their fleetness in retreat.

The German troops, despite their brag,
Flee when they see the Russian flag;
But not all those who run away
Will live to fight another day.

Why does the Censor still refuse
America authentic news?
For lack thereof that land relies
Upon the Germans' cabled lies.

Our Navy sweeps the Northern Sea
And makes it clean as clean can be;
Once called the "German Ocean," ne'er
Again on maps will *that* appear.

The Kaiser sues the States in vain
Their friendly sympathy to gain;
We reckon Uncle Sam's too smart
To take the Berlin Butcher's part.

PAUPERS AND PRISONERS.

A FEW FIGURES FOR PATRIOTS.

We are not much impressed by the complaints which have reached us that German prisoners are being overfed. To starve our prisoners of war would be a poor kind of warfare, to which British authorities are not likely to resort. It is not without interest, however, to compare the rations served out to our German "guests" with those supplied to dependents upon the British Poor Law. We have been able to obtain official particulars of the food allowance in force at the St. Pancras Workhouse, and these we place side by side with the quantities approved by the military authorities in the case of prisoners of war.

Weekly Rations.

	German Prisoners.	*British Paupers.*
Bread	7 lbs.	4 lbs. 14 oz.
Meat	5½ lbs.	4 lbs.
Vegetables	3½ lbs.	1 lb. 8 oz.
Cheese	1lb. 5oz.	Nil.
Tea	4 oz.	Nil.
Tobacco	2 oz.	Nil.

The contrast is sufficiently striking. Whether truer patriotism consists in lowering the prisoners' allowance or raising that of the workhouse inmates we leave our readers to determine. Meanwhile, we fancy that weekly quantum of tobacco might be usefully diverted to our boys at the Front, who, at the moment, are none too lavishly supplied.

LUFF'S LAMBS.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS.

In time of war there is, unfortunately, a plentiful crop of so-called philanthropic societies—in fact, they are like the vultures in the wake of an army. The latest questionable concern to come to our notice is called the London and Provincial Children's Protection Society, which has offices at 46, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street. The Secretary—a Mr. G. F. Luff—is appealing for funds to "protect the children from physical and moral wrongs." When we invited this gentleman to give us the particulars which any reasonable person would require before handing over money to a new and unknown concern—such as the names of the Committee who control its funds, the Treasurer, President, etc.—he sent a Mr. William Thomas to see us. Mr. Thomas exhibited extraordinary ignorance regarding the management of the concern which employs him—so much so that we were led irresistibly to the conclusion that it is a one man show—that man being Mr. Luff. Mr. Thomas ignorance on these vital points was hardly blissful—in fact, the interview seemed a particularly uncomfortable one. Mr. Luff is said to have been an inspector of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—and one would have though, that with such a training he would have seen the necessity for independent control. His late employers are quite competent to look after the welfare of the children, and his new venture is, to say the least of it, unnecessary. We hope the public will give him a wide berth.

Result of our FIRST Football Contest. See page 23.

NATIONAL PENNY BANK SMASH.

RIGOROUS INVESTIGATION REQUIRED—DIRECTORS MUST FACE THE MUSIC.

The Directors of the National Penny Bank, Ltd., carefully abstained from facing the music at the mass meeting of depositors held on Friday last. No explanation was given as to why they offered no sign of life. Their sole representatve—or, rather, apologist—was Mr. F. W. Pixley, chartered accountant, who, on his own admission, had never met a single member of the Board until twenty-four hours before the Bank closed its doors. But it is never too late to mend; and, as we shall show presently, an opportunity must be afforded the Directors to come into the open and to give an account of their stewardship.

The Past.

In November, 1911, when there was a run on the Bank, consequent upon certain difficulties having been encountered by concerns of a similar class, the Directors were not so shy, for they boldly announced, by means of the Press, that there was "no occasion for any alarm, as the depositors are amply secured." Saying which, they gracefully retired into the background, shareholders received no more dividends, and a hastily-convened Extraordinary General meeting, held on August 24th last, very obligingly placed the concern in liquidation, with Mr. Pixley as Liquidator. Thereupon a firm of solicitors, Messrs. Grover and Morse, sprung up and organised a Depositors' Protection Committee, at 2s. 6d. a time for each depositor of £10 and upwards, and a friendly depositor obtained the appointment by the Court of Mr. Pixley as Receiver of the Trust funds and securities. Mr. Pixley explained to Friday's meeting that he was recommended to the Directors as Liquidator by the Bank's solicitors—so that he is now in the position of Liquidator for the shareholders and Trustee for the depositors, as nominee of the Board. Mr. Pixley is a gentleman against whose honour and probity not one word can be said; but he is attempting to serve three masters whose interests are so conflicting that even he, with the best will in the world, cannot hope to do justice to them.

The Position of the Depositors.

There are about 145,000 depositors, who are creditors of the Bank to the tune of over two and a half-millions sterling. Of these some 73,890 (or, roughly, one-half) are depositors of amounts under £1. Rejecting the proposals, emanating from a recently-formed company, the People's Trust Co., Ltd., which Mr. Pixley had the courage to submit to the meeting, and which were ignominiously rejected as an insult to the intelligence of sane people, a voluntary winding-up, even if conducted by an independent Liquidator, would mean that the assets—we shall refer to their nature presently—would be locked up indefinitely, as it is admitted on all hands that the depreciation in value which they have suffered, not only since the war but before there was any idea of war, is very great; and that it is almost certain that when the Stock Exchange opens, the deficiency will be much larger and will most likely continue to increase until peace has been declared and we have returned to normal conditions once more. It is, therefore, to be expected that these assets will have to be nursed. Whilst the grass is growing the steed will be starving, though the Liquidator, whoever he be, will draw his fees. This is a state of things which cannot be permitted, and which may be avoided if our advice is followed.

The Assets.

We have been assured by Mr. Pixley that these are (we quote textually) "of the finest possible description," and that "no insurance company has a finer list." We do not care how "fine" they are; the point is, when can they be realised at a figure which will give depositors 20s. in the £, or how soon will someone advance depositors something on account, so that they—and especially the 73,000 odd poorer members—can buy bread for themselves? And then there comes this question also: If these securities are what Mr. Pixley says they are, how is it that shareholders have not received a dividend for three years, and how is it that other banks and insurance companies (whose lists we are told cannot be "finer") have not been obliged to follow the example of this Bank and close their doors? We are told that the Directors invested large sums in foreign securities. Under the Rules they are restricted to investments in Government or other securities in Great Britain or in British colonies or dependencies, except if authorised by special resolution to invest them upon other securities. No explanation has been vouchsafed as yet as to whether, and if so at what date, special resolutions were duly passed permitting the Directors to invest moneys in these foreign securities.

The Directors.

As we have stated, the Directors did not show up at the meeting, and their administration of the affairs of the Bank require strict investigation. This will never be obtained by means of a voluntary winding-up, neither will depositors be placed in a position to release some portion of their money unless they take steps to supersede the voluntary liquidation by means of a compulsory winding-up.

The Government Suggestion and Offer.

In answer to a question put to him recently in the House, Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, stated that if any shareholder or creditor of the Bank presented a petition to the Court for an Order for compulsory liquidation, and if such an Order were obtained, an investigation into its affairs would be made by the Official Receiver. Mr. Lloyd George followed this up last week by adding that if the affairs of the Bank were so placed in the hands of the Official Receiver, the Bank of England would be prepared at once to provide sufficient to enable the payment of 5s. in the £ to depositors, and would consider the question of further advances as the liquidation proceeded.

What Depositors Should Do.

Whilst we consider that the offer of the Bank of England might well be increased by making advances to depositors on a sliding scale, giving more than 5s. in the £ to those whose deposits are low, and less to those who interests are larger, we unhesitatingly recommend depositors to apply for a compulsory Order. This may be obtained at a comparatively small cost, and if, say, a dozen of the 2,400 depositors of sums over £200 were to club together, their individual outlay would only be a few pounds, which could be recovered from the assets. They must not, however, let themselves get into the hands of fee-snatchers, but employ a firm of solicitors of good standing.

Summary.

The following points are worthy of consideration:—

1. The depositors, and especially those who have their all in this Bank, must obtain some relief at the earliest possible moment. This can be effected only if a compulsory Order be obtained.

2. The Directors must be made to offer a full account of their stewardship. This they will not be obliged to give except by means of an examination on oath under a compulsory Order. They must be made to explain, amongst other things, how they came to invest a large portion of the Bank's funds in foreign securities; why they continued to take deposits for the three years during which their investments did not yield sufficient profits to pay shareholders a dividend; why they, with "the finest assets" in their possession, thought it right to place the Bank in liquidation, when other institutions did not do so; why they nominated their own Liquidator, and why they agreed to his representing not only themselves but the shareholders and the depositors.

3. Outside these points there are certain circumstances connected with the collapse of the Bank which only a rigorous and thorough investigation by a Government Department can secure. The cost to depositors will not be a penny more whether the liquidation be by means of the Directors' nominee or by the Board of Trade. But even were the latter course more expensive, the principle at stake is too important and the resulting benefits too great, to permit of any hesitation as to the method to be pursued.

The failure of the Bank is a scandal of almost unparalleled magnitude and its cause must be probed to the very bottom.

Big EXTRA Cash Football Prize for a MAUVE Coupon. See page 23.

A TEUTONIC TRAMWAY MANAGER.

FOREIGN FOE IN A BRITISH TRAMWAY OFFICE.

Now that Captain Schlagentweit, of Manchester, has been safely laid by the heels, we are free to devote some attention to another gentleman whose position gives cause for concern. The Northampton Corporation Tramways are managed by a Mr. Gottschalk, a German subject, who, although he has resided in the town for twenty-eight years, has not thought fit to take out letters of naturalisation. Since the outbreak of war, Mr. Gottschalk's position has been widely canvassed in Northampton, and, presumably at his instance, the following note recently appeared in an organ of the local Press:—

> Quite a number of inquiries have reached me as to whether Mr. Gottschalk, the Manager of the Northampton Corporation Tramways, is affected by the Proclamation compelling all Germans to register themselves. I had a chat with Mr. Gottschalk this morning. He told me that, acting on advice, he applied to the Home Office for his naturalisation papers about a fortnight ago, but as the formalities occupy several weeks, he took the precaution of registering. Mr. Gottschalk feels his position keenly, the more so because he has lived in England since he was a boy and has been a resident of Northampton for 28 years.

We have no desire needlessly to add to the pain of Mr. Gottschalk's position, but we respectfully submit that he has only himself to thank for any suspicion or annoyance which he may now incur. To go back no further than the period of his residence in Northampton, he has had twenty-eight years in which to regularise his position as a citizen of Great Britain. We have authority for saying that he has been influentially requested to take out naturalisation papers, but then declined to do so. It is by no mere chance, but through his own wilful default, that he finds himself at this critical juncture an alien enemy of the King. It is scarcely possible that he can have failed to observe the trend of German policy, and the possibility of war between the country of his birth and the land of his adoption can hardly have been absent from his calculations. Why, then, has he neglected to abjure allegiance to the Kaiser? Is it any wonder that at a time like this popular gossip yields strange replies?

But to our main purpose. We have no reason to suspect Mr. Gottschalk of any improper designs, and, in any case, he has complied with the law and will be amenable to any precautionary measure which the authorities may think fit to take. There remains the question of his continuance in office as an official of the Northampton Corporation. We insist, however, that the ratepayers should enjoy an unfettered discretion in the matter, and we protest against the inclination to burke its discussion which has been manifest in certain quarters. At a recent meeting of the Borough Council an attempt to ventilate the question was brusquely ruled "out of order" by the Mayor. Such tactics, though unfair to the public and to Mr. Gottschalk himself, cannot permanently stifle discussion, and we understand that means will shortly be found to bring the matter to a decisive issue. Even by those who recognise Mr. Gottschalk's ability to the full, it is felt to be anomalous, if not indeed dangerous, that an important municipal office, involving free access to public works, should be held, at this juncture, by a subject of a hostile nation. In other quarters resentment is expressed that in these stressful times good British money should be paid to an alien enemy for work which might equally well be performed by a loyal subject of the Crown.

WARRIOR WILLS.

ANOTHER BOGUS RECRUITER.

W. A. Wills, of 37 and 39, Broad Street Avenue, connected with "Dairymaids," Ltd., a concern which we criticised in our issue of August 1st, is recruiting for what he terms the British-African Horse. He tells us the list of officers is "provisionally" filled, and that he has "provisionally" accepted the *materiel* for machine gun, motor-cycle, and aviation detachments. "Provisionally" is good! The War Office have given him no permission to raise such a corps, so we warn prospective recruits to waste no time on him. Incidentally, patriots with money should keep their purse-strings tight.

SHARKY "SOLUTIONISTS."

COMPETITION CROOKS' CHEEKY COMMUNICATION.

We have before had occasion to criticise the "Competitors' Mutual Society," of Beverley, Yorks., but their latest attempt to impose upon those interested in popular contests is certainly their most audacious deception. In a circular, starting with the patriotic catchline "Business as Usual," a gentleman bearing the suggestive name of "W. Bloomfield" states:—

> Just recently we have been winning scores of prizes with topical and double-meaning words in our efforts, and these are just the sort we shall send you if you join in for this special service. Recent winners of the sort we mean are as follows:—
>
> £500 in JOHN BULL for War Declared—Whacking "Bill" anticipated.
>
> £50 in JOHN BULL for Taking up Arms—"Kingship" ignores "Kinship."

Then comes the offer of this "special service"—of course in return for a cash down payment.

Knowing it to be untrue that the "Competitors' Mutual" had anything to do with evolving the lines in question, we demanded an explanation from the "Society," who in reply sent us this extraordinary jargon:—

> We beg to state that we do not claim nor have we ever done seeing that the effort was supplied by us, but seeing that business is very much down owing, of course, to the war, we have issued a special circular pointing out that topical war efforts are the ones that are winning just now, and that we are supplying our supply staff members to evolve similar efforts to those which have recently won. Our circular goes on to state that "recent winners of the sort we mean are as follows," and then follows the list.

What this rubbish really means, of course, *is* that by artful verbal trickery people are led to believe that the "Society" has been the means of securing the large prizes set out.

The too ingenious Mr. Bloomfield then proceeds to hold out to us what one of his kidney would doubtless consider an irresistible sop—the offer of an advertisement of "a new scheme that will enable relatives of Tommy and Jack who are just now absent from home upholding the honour of our King and Country that will enable them to send in efforts upon their behalf"; and also another one which breathlessly followed it—that we should advertise his four-leafed weekly competition paper. Clearly, it is your money the "Competitors' Mutual" want; and they are not very particular how they get it.

WITH KITCHENER'S NEW ARMY.

"When I arrived at the depot I asked the sergeant where I should sleep, and he replied, 'You can sleep where the hell you like,' but recommended the castle yard."—LETTER FROM RECRUIT.

"The Germans are firing from ambulance waggons which approach under cover of the white flag."—DAILY PAPER.

Only a rookie, some mother's son,
A bare thirty-five round the chest;
New to a uniform, new to a gun,
New to the manual work to be done,
But full of fire like everyone—
So he passed the test.
"Where shall I sleep?" at the depot he said,
But the sergeant had the spike;
And the sergeant cocked on one side his head,
And the sergeant munched at his pound of bread,
And replied (for you know he was rougher-bred)
"You can sleep where the hell you like."

Only a soldier, hurriedly drilled,
Fired with unquenchable zeal,
Every nerve in his body thrilled;
But his aim was true; and the trench was filled
With comrades living, wounded, killed:
And never a cry or squeal.
"Where shall I sleep when I am dead
If the fatal shell shall strike?"
A waggon approached, by a white flag led;
A German waggon with cross of red;
Fire ceased! Then a gun from the waggon said—
"You can sleep where the hell you like!"

EDW. H. AXTON.

"Bullets"—More splendid War Prizes this week. See page 24.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To His Excellency Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, Viceroy of India.

MY LORD,—Allow me to congratulate you upon the magnificent way in which the Princes and Peoples of India have responded to the Empire's call. To you, this splendid outburst of loyalty must be a source of peculiar satisfaction; while to all of us at home it is a matter of high encouragement and inspiration. Only yesterday, the "croakers" were telling us that our rule in India was played out, and that with the first shock of war sedition would blaze forth from the Ganges to Ceylon. In dramatic fashion you have been able to give the lie to these craven imaginings, and to-day we know that the great heart of India is loyal to the core. Your recent dispatch will form one of the brightest chapters in the annals of British rule.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., Prime Minister.

DEAR MR. ASQUITH,—May I trouble you with a suggestion? Your Cabinet has devised various emergency measures for the protection of the public in this time of stress, but I find that these changes in the law are most imperfectly understood by those whom they are designed to assist. This is largely owing to the fact that, from causes into which I need not enter, they have obtained little notice in the daily newspapers, and are, withal, extremely technical in phraseology. Couldn't it be arranged that their principal provisions, with simple explanatory notes, should be displayed at Post Offices and similar places of public resort? Unless these reforms are understood by the people, they will remain a dead letter, and much needless hardship will be wrought.

JOHN BULL.

To Field-Marshal Sir John French, Commanding the British Expeditionary Force.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—As I write, your dispatch comes to hand describing, with soldierly frankness, the ordeals and achievements of the gallant troops under your command. At length the veil is lifted and we are able rightly to appraise the courage and resource which, in the face of sweeping odds, have averted present disaster and paved the way for future triumphs. In your allusions to the performances of officers and men there is a note of pride which will be shared to the full by every Britisher who reads your message. Of your own part you speak with that quiet modesty which is among the most graceful attributes of leadership, and no words of mine can add lustre to your fame. Suffice it that you enjoy our deepest trust.

JOHN BULL.

To John Redmond, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR MR. REDMOND,—In another column I am calling your attention to the utterances of certain Irish journals, which I find it difficult to reconcile with your splendid outburst of patriotism, which staggered Prince Lichnowsky and astounded the Kaiser, and which, as by a miracle, made the whole Empire one.

And now I desire to open my mind to you upon another topic. I see hundreds of the Ulster volunteers—fathers and sons, in many cases—enlisting for active service in the Army, sworn like the gallant Munsters who shed their blood and won their glory at Courtrai in the service of their Empire and their King; on the other hand, reservists apart, I have not heard of a single recruit from all your ranks to the disciplined forces of the Flag.

I am aware the Irish Nationalist Volunteers were not called into being for that purpose. But what is true of them is true also of the Ulster Volunteers. That the shores of Ireland are safe against a foreign enemy while the sons of Ireland—Protestant or Catholic—live, is beyond a doubt. Yet there is the spirit of emulation. Is not there something to regret in the contrast, something unequal in the service? I say no more. I leave the answer to you.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss Christabel Pankhurst.

DEAR CHRISTABEL,—That was really an admirable speech of yours at the London Opera House, and it will go far to delete the memory of your past utterances and conduct. This is perhaps not quite the result you were aiming at; but you, at any rate, have recognised that, in the present struggle, the interests of British women are identical with those of the men. Before we quarrel again about the government of our country, we must make quite sure that we have a country left to govern; and in this supreme business of national defence you are ready to give yourself freely wherever duty calls. Well spoken, dear girl! When the fight is over, we may be able to approach our domestic problems in a saner spirit than hitherto.

JOHN BULL.

To W. Wedgwood Benn, Esq., M.P., Chairman, National Relief Committee.

DEAR WEDGWOOD,—I really cannot keep silence, in view of certain reports which are reaching me. I am told that in some districts the Prince's Fund is being administered with a perfectly amazing absence of sympathy and discretion. I hear of relief being refused in the most necessitous cases upon all sorts of inadequate grounds. There is evidence of inquisitorial methods, which are not only cruel in themselves but well calculated to defeat the beneficial purpose of the Fund. In short, some of your helpers have got shockingly out of hand, and need to be sharply reminded of the nature and limits of their duty. I beg you, for our national credit's sake, to take instant and appropriate steps to end these sorry scandals.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir T. T. Bucknill, Epsom.

MY DEAR SIR THOMAS,—As I gather from an announcement you make in one of the newspapers that the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association are providing weekly incomes for the wives, children, and dependent mothers of newly-enlisted men according to a scale between 12s. 6d. and £1 a week, I am advising about 250,000 wives, children and mothers to write to you asking at what address they may call regularly for the money. You have apparently forgotten to mention this detail, and I feel sure they would much regret missing the bounty by reason of the small oversight on your part.

JOHN BULL.

To Herr Dr. Hamann, Managing Director, Kaiser Lie Factory, Berlin.

DEAR DOC,—There are three champion classic liars of history—Ananias, Munchausen and De Rougemont; but, upon my word, you easily beat the lot. You have an imagination and a zeal, a style, quality, and finish as much superior to any of these rivals as a comet is superior to a candle, or a British bayonet to a German bullet. If the Kaiser doesn't confer on you the order of Brazen Bunkum I shall come to the melancholy conclusion that his Mad Majesty underestimates by a jugful your outstanding merits. I will even go as far as to say that if you could get anybody to believe your lies as fast as you can manufacture them, there wouldn't be a decoration in the Imperial gift which would be adequate to the prodigal magnificence and magnitude of your services. As evidence of the sincerity of my convictions and sentiments, I myself shall be delighted to confer upon you any one of the three highest decorations in my commissariat. Which do you prefer—a biscuit, a banana, or a milky coconut?

JOHN BULL.

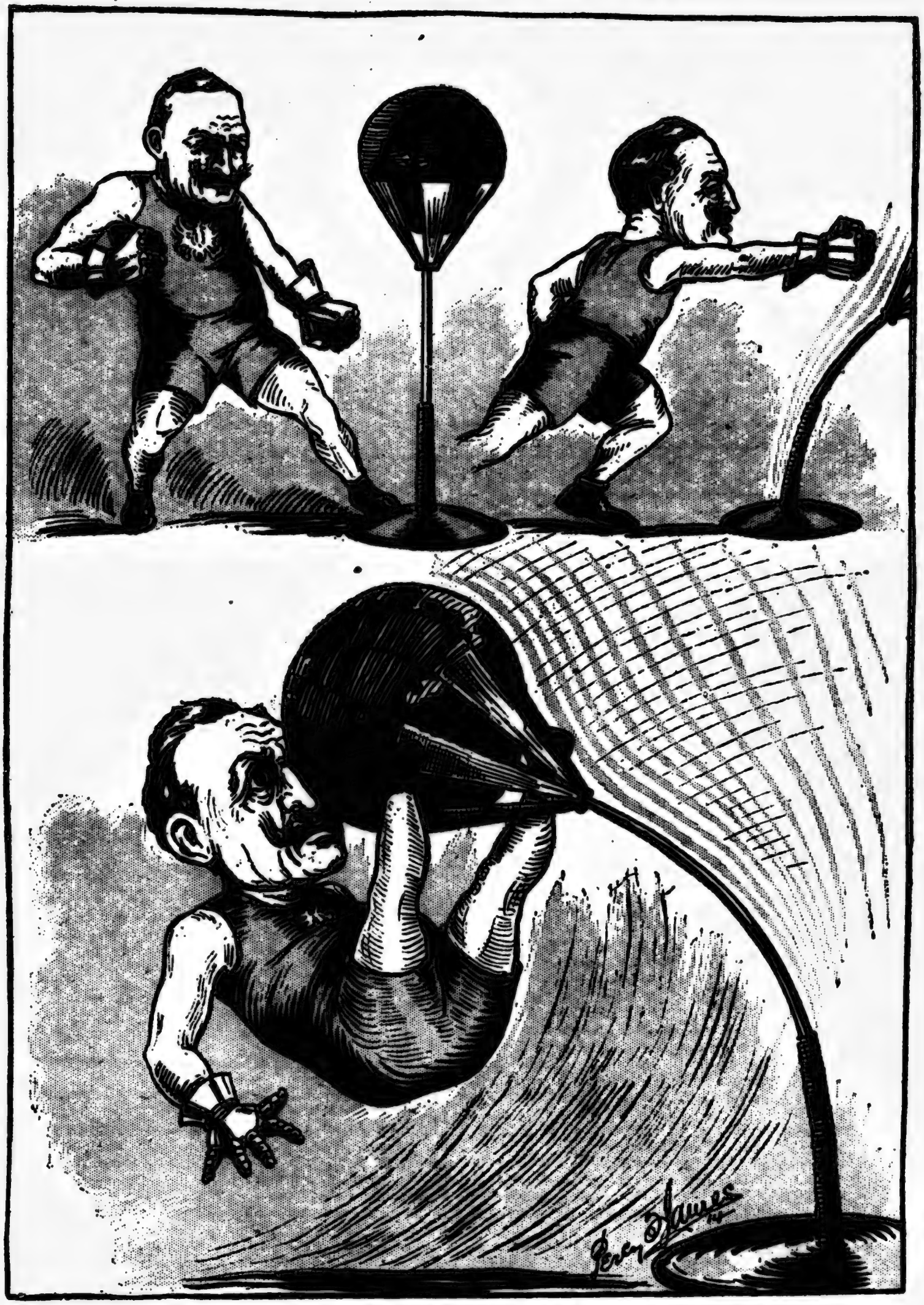
To Mr. Edwin Thain, Butcher, Wood Street, Walthamstow.

DEAR MR. BUTCHER,—I have heard with amazement of your exploits in the cat's meat line, and what I suggest to you is that, considered as war news, they do not do you any credit. The fact is, you are a lot too previous. When the Germhuns come to London, nobody will mind your feeding them on cat's meat; in the meantime, be good enough to understand, and make no mistake about it, that if we want cat's meat we step inside and ask for it. You have been fined 40s. and £2 10s. costs; you have got off cheaply. Your equitable reward would have been three months' hard, with a cat's meat diet three times a day.

JOHN BULL.

The "John Bull" Pen—an Ideal Gift for a Sailor or Soldier Friend.

"BOXING" THE COMPASS!



ONE — TWO — **THREE!**

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE SUFFRAGETTE'S NEW ROLE.

Ex-Militant (*addressing weedy youth seated in opposite corner*): Well, young man, what are *you* going to do about it?

Weedy Youth (*colouring*): I beg yer pawdon?

Ex-Militant: Are you going to enlist, and strike a blow for King and Country?

Weedy Youth (*recovering his Cockney confidence*): Dunno; I ain't made up me mind yet.

Ex-Militant (*sharply*): Then the sooner you make up your mind (what there is of it) the better.

Weedy Youth: Thet's my bisniss. An' donchew worry erbait my mind. I've got orl I want.

Ex-Militant: If you had heard Christabel Pankhurst speak the other night, you would have realised that it is not simply a question of being your business, but your *duty*, young man!

Weedy Youth (*winking at the writer*): Christabel! Wot, 'as she come back? Lumme, she 'as got some pluck, ain't she?

Ex-Militant: Her courage is splendid!

Weedy Youth: Not 'arf! Run away an' left 'er Ma be'ind, didn' she?

Ex-Militant: There's no occasion for us to discuss Miss Pankhurst. The important question is, are you going to en——

Weedy Youth: S'pose she was scared to stop in Paris 'cos o' the Germans. Lumme, she 'as got some pluck, ain't she!

Ex-Militant (*irritably*): It is not a question of pluck. She returned because there is more important work for her to do here in England——

Weedy Youth: Yuss—now there ain't no warrant fur 'er errest.

Ex-Militant (*crossly*): She would have returned in any case to warn the country of the German peril——

Weedy Youth: Becos she thort it was be'ind 'er, I s'pose?

Ex-Militant (*raising her voice*): She has come to tell us what it would mean to England if the Teuton gained a foothold on these shores—the destruction of buildings famous for their architectural beauty and historical interests, the——

Weedy Youth: Wot erbart your lot burnin' darn old churches? W'ere's the diff?

Ex-Militant (*more loudly*): She has come to tell us of exquisite and unique works of art irreparably injured, and——

Weedy Youth: Like wot wos done by some o' yore crowd to the Rokeby Venus at the Nashunal Gallery, I s'pose?

Ex-Militant (*sharply*): Whatever damage was done by individual suffragists was in a good cause.

Weedy Youth: I 'speck thet's wot the Kayser ses.

Ex-Militant: She has also returned to impress on employers of labour their patriotic duty towards their employees——

Weedy Youth: 'Ow meny of the staff of the W.S.P.U. at Kingsway got the sack w'en wore broke art?

Ex-Militant (*flushing, but with an indifferent gesture*): Above all, she has returned to impress upon the minds of the slackers, the "nuts," and the idle nincompoops who nowadays pass for men, the imperative necessity for them to join the Army. So, young man, I ask you, What are *you* going to do?

Weedy Youth: If you'll kindly tell me w'ether I'm a slacker, a "nut," or a nincompoop, I'll answer yore queschun.

Ex-Militant (*brutally*): I should say you are a slacker, since you ask me, and rather impertinent.

Weedy Youth (*with a sudden pallor*): Oh, you would. P'r'aps if you'd on'y got one lung and an 'arf you'd look a bit of a slacker yerself. If you kin tell me wot corps'll take me wiv' arf a lung short, I'll join. But I shouldn't join to please Christabel or you neether. I'm a Britisher. An' if I'd on'y got anuvver 'arf a lung I'd be in Frawnce nar, or in trainin', enny'ow. Sorry I cawn't stop, or I'd tell yer a bit more. But I git art 'ere. Give my love to Christabel—I *don't* fink!

THE KAISER'S THREAT.

God of the Germans, I am grieved
(Forgive Me if I'm blunt),
To say that I have just received
Some bad news from the Front.
My Armies, which I thought would be
In Paris days ago,
Are cheated of their victory
And flee before the foe!

The British Force, which I felt sure
Would be wiped out by now,
It seems has managed to endure—
I'm puzzled to know how!
The French, whom I had hoped to crush
Within a week or two,
Defy my Uhlans' fiercest rush,
And then, in turn, pursue!

The Belgians still My power defy
Though like so many ghouls
My brave and faithful soldiers try
To terrorise their souls!
While in the East the Russian horde
Advances day by day—
In short, things look unhealthy, lord;
What are you up to, pray?

You know I've always understood
That you were on My side,
That Germany triumphant would
Fill you and heaven with pride!
You know I always (though, 'tis true,
As a mere act of grace),
When mentioning Myself and you,
Give you the second place!

You know that I, by right dvine,
Wear the Imperial Crown,
And that I cherish a design
To rule the world, alone;
You know all this, yet you allow
My foes to baulk My aim!
Well, let Me ask you, here and now,
What is your little game?

Am I not regular at church?
Do I not loudly pray?
Then why, God, leave me in the lurch—
Especially on "The Day"?
I've waited years and years for this,
And now "The Day" has come
The help I hoped from you I miss—
I tell you, God, it's rum!

For years I've told My people, lord,
That you were on My side,
And Wolff has wired the news abroad—
Don't let them think I lied!
Exert your might on My behalf,
Or else (this is no cod!)
I and My Military Staff
Will choose some other God!

Retlaw.

SPRATT'S.

OLD-ESTABLISHED FIRM CLEARS UP A MISUNDERSTANDING

In reference to the paragraph in our last issue regarding the increase in the price, to the wholesalers, of the various biscuits prepared by Spratt's Patent, Limited, we understand such enhanced cost will not fall upon the shoulders of trade customers. The terms of the circular we quoted were, perhaps, not happily chosen—particularly that portion containing a warning to the public not to pay "inflated" prices. Apparently realising the misunderstanding which would arise, Messrs. Spratt promptly adopted the proper course, by inserting another advertisement in the press, making it clear that "only a small advance has been made in the trade price of Spratt's dog foods, and excessive or inflated charges are unwarranted."

The "John Bull" Pen Coupon is on page 15.

ACTION FOR LIBEL.

J. LYONS & CO., Limited (Plaintiffs) v. LIPTON, Limited (Defendants).

IN the HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE Mr. Justice Sankey, on September 8th, 1914, granted an Interim Injunction restraining Lipton, Limited, their Agents and Servants, from speaking or publishing or writing and publishing any words to the effect or of the substance that J. Lyons & Co., Limited, or the Directorate thereof, is composed of Germans, and that by purchasing their commodities the public is assisting the enemies of Great Britain.

J. LYONS & CO., Ltd. (By Appointment to His Majesty the King),
IS AN
ALL-BRITISH COMPANY
WITH
ALL-BRITISH DIRECTORS,
HAS 14,000 ALL-BRITISH SHAREHOLDERS,
AND 160,000 ALL-BRITISH SHOPKEEPERS
SELLING
LYONS' TEA

Cadby Hall, Kensington, London, W.

Special Notice to Our Customers.

THE
GREAT INTERNATIONAL PLATE GLASS INSURANCE and CLEANING CO., Ltd.

Fox Court, Holborn, E.C.,

Have always employed very large numbers of **ARMY and NAVY RESERVISTS.** Owing to the above fact no less than **130 OF THEIR STAFF** have joined the army since the war broke out. (Their dependents are receiving a weekly allowance from the above Company.) This huge loss (about 20 per cent. of total employed) may cause delay in attending to some of our customers, who are asked to excuse temporary inconvenience till staff is replaced.

A Smooth Shave

depends on the razor. If your present razor scrapes or tears discard it and get a Selfridge "PERMEDGE"; you will then experience the delight of a smooth, close, velvet-like shave with only a few strokes.

¶ The Selfridge "PERMEDGE" is made from the finest Sheffield Silver Steel, scientifically hollow-ground, and is guaranteed for twelve months (365 smooth shaves guaranteed). Made in three styles for heavy, medium and light beards. Price 3s.

"Money Back if you want it."

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD.,
Oxford Street, London, W.

A. H. WESTWOOD

39, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH,

begs to inform his clients that he is retaining the services of the whole of his staff, and is conducting business as usual. All sportsmen are requested to write for a copy of the "Little Blue Book" containing hints, etc.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. **September 19, 1914.**

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

OUR APPEAL FOR IMMEDIATE HELP FOR THE WIVES AND CHILDREN OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

It gives us great pleasure to say that—thanks to the generous response of our readers to our appeal—we have been able to send immediate relief to many soldiers' wives who had been suffering acute distress. Space prevents us giving details of all these cases, but we select the following as typical:—

A collier in Glamorgan answered his country's call, leaving a wife, and two children of school age. Two days after her husband went the poor woman had to undergo a serious operation. There was neither food nor money in their dwelling. The Court Missioner brought the case to our notice, and we immediately sent £2.

The wife of a reservist, living at Worthing, was of course deprived of the bread-winner when he was called to the colours. She has six children, all under twelve years of age. An agent of an Industrial Assurance Company, calling for the weekly premium, found them in a destitute condition, and kindly brought their plight to our notice. The poor woman had not received a farthing from the Prince of Wales' Fund, or anything at all from the War Office on account of separation allowance, although the husband had been away for four weeks. We at once forwarded £2.

The wife of a gunner, living at Newcastle, was unable to get her separation allowance, as she had not the money to procure the necessary copy of her marriage certificate. We placed her in funds for the purpose and to get some food pending the receipt of the official money.

A young girl, who had been keeping company with a labourer who had enlisted and "left her in trouble," appealed to us for aid. We got into communication with the soldier, obtained leave of absence for him, and paid the stamp fee of a guinea on the special licence, so that they might get married, the Registrar at Knightrider Street generously waiving his own charges, as in a former case. We hope the soldier will soon return to his wife and "live happy ever afterwards."

An ex-soldier, unable to proceed to the Front on account of illness, was evicted, with his wife, for arrears of rent. We gave him sufficient to procure accommodation elsewhere.

A Royal Irish Fusilier, whose conscience pricked him, wrote us from Southampton stating that he had left a girl, stranded, in Scotland. We paid her fare to her native village in Ireland, so that she could rejoin her mother, and gave her £1 to defray other necessary expenses.

The wife of a reservist of the Army Service Corps, living in Merton, had received nothing from the War Office on account of her separation allowance, although her husband went to the Front five weeks ago—nor had she obtained a farthing from the Prince's Fund, despite application to both. To add insult to injury, she had, however, to pay the postal authorities a penny on a letter from her husband, post-marked "Army Base Office, August 25th." We have sent the poor woman £2, which we hope will carry her along until the various officials concerned wake up.

The wife of one of Kitchener's men—he joined when out of work—has four sons, all under twelve years of age. Being unable to pay for marriage and birth certificates to send to the War Office, in order that she may obtain separation allowance, we gave the woman £1 for the purpose.

A Hampstead woman, the widow of an old soldier with two sons now at the Front, is left destitute. We sent her £1 to tide her over until she can obtain assistance from the Prince's Fund.

OUR WAR SUFFERERS' FUND.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following subscriptions to our fund for providing immediate help to those—particularly the dependents of our brave troops—distressed through the war:—

A. G. (Queensferry), 30s.; B. H. W. W., 2s. 6d.; "Little 'Un," 2s.; A. H. T. (Doncaster), 5s.; A. S., 5s.; A. W., 5s.; A. A. R., 1s.; A. H., 1s.; E. A. F., 1s.; "Harold," 5s.; W. L. B., 5s.; "Norfolk Dumpling," 2s.; L. P. (Parkstone), £1; "Anonymous," £2; "No. 8," 10s. 6d.; "Teviotside," 2s.; B. B. (Kilmarnock), 2s. 6d.; "Pea-hen," 5s.; D., 3s. 6d.; "Myazaki," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. M. C., 1s.; "Unholy Trinity," £1; A. G., 2s. 6d.; P. B., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. E. B., 1s.; "A Grateful Winner," 1s.; Mrs. R., 2s. 6d.; "Topsy," 1s.; "Lonel," 2s.; B. R., 1s.; J. B. S., 2s; "Norman," 1s. 6d.; A. D., £2 2s; "Constance," 1s. 6d.; "Marian," 1s.; "Hard-up," 6d.; J. G., 10s.; "'Nuff Said," 1s.; "A Sympathiser," 3s.; W. P. (Cork), 2s.; N. G. (51), 5s.; H. K. E., 1s.; "Omicron," 2s. 6d.; W. A. W., £1; F. S. B., 10s.; "Corban," 1s.; F. M. B., 2s. 6d.; H. V. G., 5s.; W. O., 2s.; "A Well-Wisher," 1s.; "Greatest of These," 6d.; J. I., 2s. 6d.; Anon, 3s.; "Tom," 10s.; D. R., 2s. 6d.; W. M., £1; J. C., 1s.; "Unfit," 5s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; C. E., 3s. 6d.; W. V. J., 1s.; W. O. G., 2s. 6d.; J. K., 1s.; M. B., 1s.; "Why," 5s. 3d.; B. V. I. (Bengal), £1; J. D. S. (R.N.R.), 2s. 6d.; "Hochky," 2s. 6d.; "Tamar," 5s.; B. C., 4s. 6d.; W. W., 5s.; E. P. N., 1s.; "Midget," 4s.; "A Tenth Part," 1s.; W. B. L., 2s. 6d.; A. B. C. (Birmingham), 1s.; A. M., 1s. 6d.; W. E. M., 1s.; "Edgar and Ivy," 2s.; A. C., £1 5s.; "The Employees of C. White (Limehouse)," 13s.; F. G. M., 3s. 7d.; E. S., 1s.; H. M. B., £2 2s.; "Three Musketeers," 1s.

Mr. P. Hunt, the First Prizewinner in our 99th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £2 10s.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers, we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

LONDON.—Mr. H. Gold, 17, Thrale Road, Streatham, 1s.; Mr. F. L. Williams, 56, Nimrod Road, Streatham, 1s.; Mr. F. Huggins, "Brunswick Arms," Stamford Street, 2s.; Mr. M. Pollack, "Carpenters' Arms," Dante Road, Newington Butts, 1s. 1½d.; Mr. J. Carolan, "The Crown," Prince of Wales Road, Kentish Town, 1s. 2d.; Mr. F. T. Bailey, 15, Lismore Circus, Haverstock Hill, 1s. 1d.

LEICESTER.—Mr. T. Cramp, Haynes Road, 3s. 6½d.; Mr. W. Bolton, 256, Humberstone Road, 1s.; Mr. P. Bedford, Upper Kent Street, 1s. 1d.

"TOMMY'S" THANKS.

A soldier, called to the Colours, wrote us a very pathetic appeal, asking us to visit his wife and render her some help. We did so, and before leaving for the Front the sent us the following letter:—

> I must say I am overwhelmed with your kindness, and do not know how to express my thanks. It has quite taken me back after so many rebuffs from these *so called* good and charitable bodies. I fail to see where the charity comes in when they treat people almost as prisoners on trial when they ask for a little assistance from funds collected from the public. I should very much like to know how I could make a return or of what I could do, in return for this great and good turn you have done for me, Sir, as I believe in that old motto "one good turn deserves another," and if I can do anything bid me, if it is within my power it will be done.

We have replied that we feel sure our readers will be delighted with his letter, and that the best way he can repay the little kindness they have been only too pleased to render him is to make a strenuous use of his weapons.

"HUMAN DOCUMENTS" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We have received the following, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

351.—N. M. D., 6d.

352.—N. M. D., 6d.

355.—Mrs. E. M. L., 10s.; "E. E. 97.," 2s.; "Mother of Three," 2s; T. J. T., 10s. 6d.; F. S., 2s.; "Unfit," 5s.; "The Idiot," 2s.

356.—H. M., 2s. 6d.

357.—T. J. T., 10s. 6d.

£1,000 for a Football Forecast. New Contest. See page 23.

"TOUCHWUD" & THE PRINCE OF WALES' WAR FUND.

Why You Must Not Be Without the Luckiest Mascot in the World.

Without doubt the luckiest Mascots in the World are "Touchwud" and "Mrs. Touchwud," the mysterious Eastern Charms that everybody says bring the most astonishing good fortune.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA

has been supplied with a number of "Touchwud" Charms for herself and her personal friends, and indeed there cannot be a better or more appreciated gift or keepsake than a "Touchwud" or "Mrs. Touchwud" for the bracelet, necklace, watchguard or bangle.

"TOUCHWUD."

Moreover, by securing one of these genuine antique Mascot charms you are assisting to swell the funds of **H.R.H. The Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund,** for the proprietors of "Touchwud" have arranged to devote **10 per cent. of the proceeds to the Fund.**

You can obtain the wonderful "Touchwud" Charms from jewellers and stores everywhere from 1s. 6d. upwards. Every "Touchwud" and "Mrs. Touchwud" Mascot has a body of silver or gold, a head of sacred Eastern oak, and jewelled eyes. In the more expensive ones the eyes are of real Rubies, Diamonds or other stones, according to the date of birthday.

"TOUCHWUD" IN TIME OF WAR.

These "Touchwud" Charms are the oldest Mascots in the world. The stones, oak and metal, from which they are made are all probably thousands of years old.

"MRS. TOUCHWUD."

"Touchwud" has cunningly concealed photographs of His Majesty the King, Lord Kitchener, Admiral Jellicoe, President Poincare, General French, and the Allies' flags, Union Jacks, etc. All the photographs are splendid reproductions and Hand-Coloured.

Every "Mrs. Touchwud" Lucky Mascot has either the Flags of our Allies, His Majesty the King, Lord Kitchener, Sir John French, President Poincare, Admiral Jellicoe, the

Union Jack, etc., in Silver, 1s. 6d. each, in 9ct. gold 5s. 6d., in 9ct. Gold with eyes of real Rubies, Diamonds, Emeralds, etc., £1 1s. each, all post free. Get one or more to-day for yourself or your soldier and sailor friend.

Of all Jewellers and Stores, or direct from the "J.B." Editorial Dept., 317, High Holborn, London, W.C.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

We have received the following correct claims:—

Mrs. B. BRIDGER, 7, Deverrux Road, S.W. August 22nd. No. 428,012.

Miss G. SHORTIS, 46, Britannia Street, King's Cross. August 29th. No. 491,250.

E. ANDERSON, The Cosmopolitan Club, Fore Street, Birmingham. August 29th. No. 919,538.

THOMAS CLARKE, 13, Kitchener Road, Great Yarmouth. August 22nd. No. 077,935.

A. M. MACKINNON, 39, Greenhead Drive, Saithouse, Govan, Glasgow. August 22nd. No. 538,510.

W. LEWIS, Corner House, Glyncath. August 29th. No. 036,493.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 12th:—

000073	246096	475667	690630	884826
028549	276933	483622	703251	889784
037762	299902	500533	712101	923457
109196	348316	516697	751592	963362
110129	362840	549228	763723	978164
152572	383129	566349	785585	984468
178946	389668	620787	810081	987962
193302	415661	663153	836463	A000946
225293	437203	678993	849340	A065863
238956	469129	684340	872987	A281321

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published September 23rd).

JOHN BULL READERS WITH A TASTE FOR DRAWING MAY ENTER THE SKETCHING COMPETITION FOR THE "P.C.C." SCHOLARSHIPS WITHOUT ENTRANCE FEE.

This competition, announced in last week's issue, is to discover twenty-five readers of JOHN BULL who have a taste for drawing, which properly trained, would enable them to become Successful Commercial Artists. Although some folk are feeling the pinch of war time, those who know how to draw for reproduction and the requirements of advertisers and printers cannot complain.

Last year, Germany's exports were worth £500,000,000. What will they be worth this year?

The world markets just opened for us mean unprecedented commercial activity.

New posters, advertisements, booklet and catalogue covers, etc., will have to be designed to suit new conditions—golden opportunities for the trained artist.

Economists and other experts declare that before long our National Prosperity will break all records.

Commercial activity always means corresponding activity for printers, advertisers, and, above all, for the designers who have learned to draw for reproduction and to make quick effective sketches.

Those with a taste for drawing, Common-sense and Ambition, can have a professional London training at home. In their spare time they can learn the essentials of turning artistic talent into guineas in the shortest possible time and be taught to earn while learning.

The Practical Correspondence College, an All-British Institution, by the way, teaches by post, commercially applied art.

CHAS. E. DAWSON RESPONSIBLE.

Mr. Chas. E. Dawson, late art editor of *Nash's Magazine*, creator of the "Dawson Girl," and one of London's best known designers of pictorial publicity, conducts the course, criticises every sketch, and is responsible for each student's success.

The Course begins just where any previous art training left off, and continues—until proficient; it is exclusive and confidential to each student, and superbly illustrated.

A recent lesson indicates how students, while studying, are given opportunities for advancement. It teaches how to gain experience and guineas making large coloured war-map posters at home, which in shop windows, etc., which form splendid advertisements, and enable the public to follow the progress of the war.

Everyone has to stop and look at these maps, with their little flags, daily revised to represent the various forces in the field.

To help readers with a taste for drawing to prepare during the slack season for the coming inevitable demand for trained designers, the P.C.C. offer a limited number of Scholarships without entrance fee to JOHN BULL readers.

THE BEST ADVERTISEMENT.

The College realises that its best advertisement is the amateur whom it has trained by post to become a successful professional designer.

It is prepared to award a Scholarship to each of the twenty-five most promising competitors.

The full course of study, personally conducted by Chas. E. Dawson, will be awarded at half fees (payable in monthly instalments) to the 25 readers who pass a postal examination.

Competition to test the abilities of candidates ensures that the Scholarships are awarded to those most likely to succeed in commercial art as a whole or spare-time profession. No preliminary training or expense are necessary; awards will be made in the order in which sketches are received.

ADJUDICATORS.—Chas. E. Dawson, Esq. (Art Director of the P.C.C., late Art Editor of *Nash's Magazine*. H. Cargill, Esq;. (Advertisement Manager JOHN BULL, and acknowledged expert upon illustrated publicity). Vincent Lockwood, Esq., M.I.S.A.C. (Principal, Practical Correspondence College). The names of these gentlemen, whose decision will be final, guarantee the fairness of the test.

Scholarship winners who begin the course within a month will receive a year's Free Accident Insurance: £1,000 death; £1 a week Blindness or Disablement.

The number of Scholarships is limited; immediate application is essential.

You risk nothing by sending a postcard to the Secretary, P.C.C., 12, Thanet House, Strand, W.C., for gratis particulars and test paper, and you commit yourself to nothing. (ADVT.)

JOHN BULL'S VARIETY TURNS.

THE PATRIOTS: A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE: *Board Room of an important engineering firm of Government contractors, employing several hundred men.*

CHAIRMAN: You must remember we have already watered our stock twice. To do so a third time, especially at such a time as this, would be somewhat injudicious.

1ST DIRECTOR: Not so injudicious as announcing a large interim dividend, made possible by profits earned by our naval contracts. Watering the stock is not so likely to attract public attention as the announcement of a half-yearly dividend of 15 per cent.

CHAIRMAN: It's the same thing in the end. The only point at issue is the method of distributing our gains. I leave it to the meeting. Those in favour of watering the stock? . . . All. Now, the next item on the agenda is the question of our contribution to the Prince of Wales' Fund. I propose that our subscription shall be one thousand pounds. It seems a large amount, but you must remember that it will not fall only upon the directorate but upon all the shareholders *pro rata*.

2ND DIRECTOR: I think five hundred pounds ample.

CHAIRMAN: No, no; we must appear amongst the four figure subscribers. The interests of the firm demand it. There is a wave of fervent patriotism sweeping over the country just now. We must bow to it, else we might feel a draught on resumption of business at the conclusion of the war.

1ST DIRECTOR: I think the Chairman is right. After all, a thousand pounds spread over the whole shares will not be a great matter, and the resultant advertisement should be worth something.

CHAIRMAN: Then I put it to the meeting that a thousand pounds be appropriated for the purpose of a subscription to the Prince of Wales' Fund. All those in favour? . . . All. Now the last item we have to consider is the question of cutting down expenses during the continuance of the war. We may consider ourselves fortunate that as many as fifty-four of our employees were on the reserve and have been called up. That has saved us the necessity of dismissing them owing to the inevitable falling off in business.

3RD DIRECTOR: Do you propose doing anything for their dependents?

CHAIRMAN: What? What on earth do you take us for, sir—a philanthropic institution? We are contributing a thousand pounds to the Prince of Wales' Fund, are we not?

3RD DIRECTOR: But their berths, at least, will be kept open for them, will they not?

CHAIRMAN: Pshaw! How is it possible? We are not a parcel of humanitarians, sir. We are a business firm. We cannot be bothered with sentimental considerations.

3RD DIRECTOR: Rather rough on their wives and families, won't it be?

CHAIRMAN: Pooh! Everybody expects to suffer in times of war. Besides, there is the Prince of Wales' Fund. Don't forget we are subscribing a thousand pounds to it, sir. *A thousand pounds*, sir! It'll look rather well in the papers, won't it?—"Messrs. Dash Blank, £1,000." Ought to do us a bit of good. But, come along, gentlemen, we must proceed with the business. The question now is, the dismissal of surplus employees, and the placing of others on half-pay. According to the general manager's report, we can very well dispense with a hundred, to begin with. I have every confidence in his judgment, and therefore put it to the meeting that one hundred selected employees be dismissed the firm.

3RD DIRECTOR: All unmarried men, of course. You would never think of discharging a hundred married men at such a time as this?

CHAIRMAN: Whether they are married or not is *their* business, sir . . . We have no right, and I have no desire to intrude in their private affairs. A hundred men are to go—that is all that concerns us, not being a charitable institution. And, further, all the clerks are to be put on half-pay. We can do that with them because they have no trade union to make a fuss.

3RD DIRECTOR: Really, that seems rather hard. The cost of living has increased enormously, you know. 'Pon me word, I think we should treat them with more consider—

CHAIRMAN: We are giving £1,000 to the Prince of Wales' Fund, sir! You seem to forget that.

CHORUS OF DIRECTORS: Yes, you forget that!

[CURTAIN.]

SOLDIERS and SAILORS need Handkerchiefs!

Give them EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS.

A genuine, durable and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK and KHAKI STYLES, as well as many other attractive designs.

Sold everywhere at 6½d. each.

Be sure you get EXCELDA.

London Opera House,

Commencing Thursday, September 17.

SEYMOUR HICKS AND POWERFUL COMPANY

In a Great Recruiting Play,

ENGLAND EXPECTS

By Seymour Hicks & Edward Knoblauch.

THE LATEST AND BEST WAR PICTURES.

Three Shows Daily, 2.30, 7 & 9 p.m.

BARGAIN PRICES. Gallery FREE.

Balcony, 6d.; Grand Circle, 1s.; Stalls, 2s.; Seats in Boxes, 2s. 6d.

BOOK IN ADVANCE

At usual Libraries and London Opera House Box-office.

Tel.: Holborn, 2454.

"GALE'S SPECIAL"

'The "SPECIAL" that Pays.'

Guarantees Your Success at WINDSOR.

N.B.—Upon the resumption of racing on Friday, August 28th, we wired to all subscribers to "Gale's" Course Wire from the Haydock Park Meeting

MARCUS AURELIUS for the T.Y.O. Selling Plate,
WON, 4 to 1 against.

On the following Monday, from the Lewes Meeting, all COURSE WIRE subscribers received

COSFORD for the T.Y.O. Handicap,
WON, 3 to 1 against.

Our Latest Triumph! **Our Latest Triumph!**
From Doncaster—

HIGHFIELD, 100 to 8 agst WON

Sept. 10th.

An OFFER to RELIEVE SPORTSMEN!

It must be remembered that the Editor's Course Wires are ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED, SIX WINNERS for TEN GUINEAS, and never more than one selection wired. The usual price of the Editor's PRIMUS WIRE is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS, and in order to relieve the anxieties of sportsmen whose balance is on the wrong side, the Editor will send his

Special PRIMUS COURSE WIRE

from

Windsor on Saturday

upon receipt of

FIVE POUNDS,

and the SAME GUARANTEE will apply as in the case of the Course Wires.

The usual charge for the SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS PER MESSAGE. In no circumstances whatever is more than one selection ever mentioned on this message, and the following is a list of recent wires:—

July 10.—**DESOLATION**, 10 to 1 agst	...	WON
July 15.—**SANDUSKY**, 7 to 1 agst ...	...	WON
July 18.—**REDFERN**, 2 to 1 agst ...	...	WON
July 21.—**ONEIDA II.**, 6 to 1 agst ...	...	WON
July 24.—**LIGHT BRIGADE**, 7 to 2 agst	...	WON
Aug. 29.—**HOUHAM**, evens	...	WON
Sept. 5.—**WILLBROOK**, 5 to 4 agst	...	WON

POST FIVE POUNDS

for the SPECIAL PRIMUS COURSE WIRE on Saturday next, and secure satisfaction and profit in your Turf investments.

THIS OFFER WILL NOT BE REPEATED.

Note that our ONLY address is:—

"Gale's Special,"

Ruskin Buildings, Birmingham

Telegraphic Address: "WINNERS, Birmingham."

Be Prepared!

Positions for which the I.C.S. Qualify Students:

Advertisement Writer	Handrailer
Architect	Heating and Ventilating Engineer
Book-keeper	Joiner
Builder	Marine Engineer
Cabinet Maker	Mechanical Engineer
Chauffeur	Mining Engineer
Civil Engineer	Motor Engineer
Concrete Engineer	Quantity Surveyor
Cotton Worker	Salesman
Designer, General	Secretary
Draughtsman	Steam Engineer
Electrical Engineer	Structural Engineer
Foundryman	Telephone Engineer
Furniture Maker	Window Dresser
Gas-Power Engineer	Woollen Worker

AT the conclusion of the War there will be a great trade boom in this country. Hundreds of thousands of trained men will be needed if Britain is to take full advantage of it.

If our industrial Army is trained and ready we shall be able to hold securely all the trade and shipping of Germany that we win from her during the War.

It is the duty of all those who are unable to go into the fighting line to do their part in helping this country to hold the trade that she wrests from her enemies.

Do you want to do YOUR part in helping your country?

What YOU Can Do

Do you know that it is not difficult for you to obtain the knowledge that will enable you to occupy a responsible position in the World of Work—a position in which you can be of great service to your country?

Let us send you details of the up-to-date I.C.S. Training, specially prepared by practical, experienced men for home study. However little technical knowledge you may possess now, the International Correspondence Schools will give you such a thorough, sound training in the work in which you are interested that you will be wholly competent to secure a responsible position. So thorough and up-to-date is I.C.S. Training that much of the information contained in the Courses cannot be obtained elsewhere.

Why not write for full particulars? It costs you nothing.

Drop a postcard mentioning the line of work in which you are interested, to

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd., 78n, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

(To avoid delay please use our full address.)

In Time of War Prepare for Peace.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and Artists *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* when stamped addressed envelope is attached to the manuscript.

Correspondents are requested not to send original certificates, testimonials, etc., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

Letters *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* Financial, Insurance, Legal *and* Sporting *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

GENERAL.

J. J. (Llandudno).—Those who look upon the Editor as irreligious are either the victims of bigotry or sufferers from narrow and defective mental vision.

"Three Gunner Recruits" (Exeter).—We take your word that things are as you say. But they will improve. We don't like to hear you squealing at a mere temporary hardship.

"One Flag" (Belfast).—Of course, the Home Rule question is not dead. It is dormant, and will remain so, we trust, till the European crisis is past. Then, perhaps, an awakened Britain will see the folly of internecine squabbles, and settle the long-drawn-out quarrel by Business methods and in a loyal spirit.

R. M. A. (H.M.S. *Hibernia*).—The difference between the British and German Navies is that one is intact and the other is tacked in.

F. R. (Holloway, N.).—The administration of the Relief Funds must be very closely watched. Committees that advise the wives of soldiers at the front to sell their homes, instead of assisting them to keep them intact, must have a queer conception of their duty; which should at once be corrected by those in high authority.

J. N. K. (Oldham).—We agree that all who *can* should pay their debts, notwithstanding the Moratorium; but you should remember that the creditor is not always the best judge of the debtor's ability to pay.

"A Coloured Subject" (Bradford).—You are as entitled to wear or wave the Union Jack as the whitest Britisher. As a subject of the King, you can say *Civis Britannicus sum* with the rest of us.

W. G. G. (Belfast).—We have no patience with apologists for the German Emperor. He has placed himself outside the pale of human mercy and consideration. When justice has been done to gallant little Belgium and wounded France, not to speak of ourselves, it will be time to talk about doing justice to the Kaiser.

F. F. (Wealdstone).—With all respect, we think the Shakespearean quotation on our cover thoroughly fills the bill without the addition of the lines which precede it in the text, splendid as they are.

"What's in a Name?" (Coatbridge) has made the startling discovery "that four famous men" have borne the name Horatio—the Roman Bridge hero, the victor of Trafalgar, K. of K., and the Editor of John Bull. We appreciate the significance.

"Ex-Sergt.-Major" (Harringay).—We agree with you that now is the time to give selected non-coms. of proved military capacity commissions in the Army. The shortage of officers is one of the most serious problems we have to face, and to appoint so many untried graduates when non-coms. of experience are available appears to us a mistake.

W. J. D. (Birmingham).—There has been a prejudice against using coloured troops in fighting against a white enemy, but in the case of the Germans there is no need to be squeamish, for their vile atrocities committed on women and children have removed them from the ranks of civilised peoples.

J. F. (Truro, Nova Scotia).—The price of foodstuffs in Britain has been practically regulated by the prompt action of the Government in bringing the merchants into a sort of trade alliance.

"Bronco" (Brighton) tells us that he lately met an officer buying remount horses for the Army, who was an Austrian born, and had served eight years in the Austrian Army. Name please! We are on the war path where remount scandals are concerned.

"Strategist" (London, S.W.).—You quite mistake the position. The statement of Mr. Francis McCullagh, the Petrograd correspondent of the *Daily News*, that "there are now over a million men between the Bug and the Vistula" represents a geographical, not an entomological, situation.

"Timid" (Holloway).—The air is full of rumours as idle as they are silly. Until a Zeppelin drops a bomb in your street, don't worry.

B. B. (Streatham Hill).—No, you are not under any patriotic obligation to boycott a British pork butcher because he sells "Prime German sausage." It may be prime, but it is assuredly not German.

T. D. (Clapham).—See above. A similar answer applies to a Scotch baker who sells Vienna bread. Also, as Italy and Turkey are at present neutral, you may if you please partake of Turkish Delight and "Iche Crame, ha'penny glash," or even give a small reward to the Italian artist who plays on the hurdy-gurdy "It's a long, long way to Tipperary."

S. H. B. (Brenchley).—It is probably true that our troops on long marches suffer from sore feet, not from sore hearts. Even so they are better off than the Sauerkrauters, who suffer from both. The Kaiser is also beginning to suffer from sore head.

"Wet Canvas" (Govan) suggests that the War Office should commandeer some large furniture vans as cover for soldiers doing winter duty on the north-east coast. If the idea is practicable, will Lord Kitchener keep it in mind?

W. E. (Walthamstow) sends us the Kaiser's alleged answer to the verses "Mineself und gott," addressed to "Der Shieff of der Bolice," and commencing "Who vas dis man dot make der bluff, Und dare to brint up all dis schtuff, Bout Me und gott?" It is, however, not quite up to standard.

"Mother" (Bristol).—We note that your daughter calls it "a shame" that her firm are giving £500 to the Prince of Wales' Fund and yet cutting down wages 25 per cent. Says she: "of course, it is really our money that is going to the Fund." Precisely!

"Ruby" (Uddingston, N.B.).—We believe there is a scheme of the kind afoot. Our own opinion is that there are economic dangers "in women temporarily taking the place of men," and that at present the international situation does not justify their acceptance.

W. S. (Finsbury Park).—It is a hardship many have to suffer. We are sorry for you. "Hope on, hope ever."

Gunner O'C. (Newhaven) alleges that he has been "sent away as an undesirable from the battery he belongs to" for "accepting a shilling from a lady and gentleman whom he showed round the gun park," though he sees no difference between that and "the officers and men taking apples and plums from poor people."

A. G. M. (Cleethorpes).—We do not understand the detectives not taking action against the German skipper with the English name, if the facts are as you state.

W. T. C. (Poplar).—"A practical seaman, wanting to join the R. N. R., has been told at three mercantile marine offices that he is too old at 26." He is not too old for the Army.

S. H. P. (Westminster).—Thanks, but German waiters are not for our meat.

A. J. W. (Nottingham).—Are you *sure* you *heard* two Territorials talk in that way? We ask because it is so incredible that we cannot believe it.

E. D. (I. of Man).—Leave the people concerned to answer for themselves.

W. C. (Sunderland).—Told you one German is worth four Englishmen, did they? Perhaps they have altered their opinion since Mons and Charleroi—and Marne.

O. A. H. (Middlesboro').—Read yours on the great question of biscuit-tin returns, and note you are "going to fight the matter out in the County Court." Everybody seems to have a fight these days.

G. F. (K.-on-T.).—It may be that Keir Hardie has been dismissed from the service of the Gaekwar of Baroda and accepted an appointment in the retinue of the Kaiser. You will note, however, that his salary of £400 is being paid by the British Exchequer.

A. R. T. (Manchester).—A Russian subject who has served with the British Army does not thereby become a naturalised Englishman.

J. H. C. (Woolwich).—"I wish to join the Army, but I am unable to on account of being stone deaf. What do you think of it?" Patriotic, but—think of an army of stone-deaf patriots!

Result of our FIRST Football Contest. See page 23.

MISS H. B. (Largo) sends us an announcement from the *Airdrie and Coatbridge Advertiser* that Mr. Gavin M. Reston, Mavisbank, has "forwarded to Lord Tullibardine a riding saddle and bridle" for use in the training of the 3rd Regiment of Scottish Horse. But perhaps the advertisement was an undesired one.

"RUTH" (King's Norton).—We note your opinion that, after all, God made the Kaiser. Pardon! We thought it was probably the Devil.

R. M. (Sunderland).—The "Local Girl's (10 years old) View of the Kaiser" is evidently the effort of a local journalist and not very brilliant at that.

"CONSTANT READER."—Surely you know you are risking a refusal in not sending your name and address? However, the answer is No. Only those rejoining before the declaration of war receive the £5 grant.

A. V. (Belfast).—Cheer up! There may come a day when Lord Kitchener will accept "men who have lost two toes."

A. C. B. (Sea Houses).—We cannot speak as an authority on projectiles, but we should say all depends on whether the range of the rifle is nominal or actual. If actual, gravitation and resistance would have been taken into account, and a rifle with a guaranteed range would fire a bullet that range, whatever its direction.

H. M. R. (Bristol).—Why should not the newspapers publish sketches of the Kaiser's character? Is it "unsportsmanlike" to give the people an idea of the sort of foe we are fighting?

W. G. H. (Hurlingham).—So far as we can see, what with the Boy Scouts and others, we have quite enough dispatch carriers for home requirements. Consequently we are not inclined to provide you with a motor-bicycle to enable you to perform some such duties. You would help far more by enlisting.

C. M. C. (Ilford).—It rests entirely with the public as to whether the German and Austrian waiter shall continue to oust the British waiter from positions that rightfully are his. If frequenters of hotels and restaurants insisted on the service of British waiters, even German and Austrian managers and proprietors could not resist the pressure.

E. H. (Hatch End).—For the life of us, we cannot see why the Universities Examinations should be postponed because of the war. Why should our whole social fabric and educational system be disorganised because we are busy beating the Germans? "Business as usual"—or as far as possible—is the motto to see us through.

"SNOWBALL" (Coventry).—The Newspaper Competitions Bill did not pass.

P. R. (Shaftesbury Avenue, W.).—The Germans seem to have had a very firm grip on the cinema and film trade. It must be shaken off. Now is the appointed time.

"GREENOCK."—We think, with you, that the war provides M.P.s with a splendid opportunity to make a patriotic use of the salaries which the majority of them earn so easily, and we believe that with few exceptions they will rise to the occasion.

H. M. (Whitechapel).—If you were born in England and can prove it, you can say *Civis Britannicus sum*; and we hope you are proud of it.

C. W. (Hertford).—We approve of the advertisement which appeared in your local *Mercury*: "Wanted, man on home farm, to help milk, and other work. No one able to *use a rifle* need apply. Age no object." The advertiser means that there is more important work to be done just now by all who can shoot straight.

W. F. I. (Birmingham).—We note your statement that the verses we recently published, entitled "Meinself und Gott," were not written by Mr. McGregor Rose at the time of the Boer War, but by a man named Gordon at the time of the Jameson Raid. We commiserate with Mr. McGregor Rose, and congratulate the shade of Mr. Gordon, who, you tell us, is dead.

"FLEET RESERVEMAN" (Chatham).—Officers who have risen from the ranks are frequently unnecessarily harsh and insulting in their methods of discipline.

C. A. T (Birmingham) tells of a customer who asked for half-a-pound of German sausage, and was given black pudding instead. Protesting, he was told that the comestible *was* German sausage, but had gone into mourning for the Kaiser. We can't swallow that.

T. B. (Nantymoel).—Do you feel better now? If not, enlist, and vent your spleen on the Germans. We are too busy to assist the growth of your intelligence any further.

"VISITOR" (Poplar, E.).—It does seem hard that the Salvation Army at Limehouse should harbour Germans whilst destitute. British subjects are walking the streets, homeless and starving.

M. H. (Dublin).—Have nothing to do with the bucket-shop people you mention.

L. G. (Upton Park).—A German who had the good sense to become a naturalised British subject as far back as 1885, who married an English wife, and has a son serving in the British Army, is entitled to our confidence and respect (provided he has done nothing to forfeit either) notwithstanding his German name. We respect him for retaining it, just as we despise those who have rushed to acquire British names to which they have no moral right.

J. P. (New Cross).—Why on earth should all overhead electric wires be done away with on the L.B. & S.C. and other railways, because we are at war with Germany?

"BULLER" (Merthyr).—You adopted a very neat way of advertising JOHN BULL at the Merthyr Variety Hall. We wonder whether "Kur" Hardie chanced to be amongst the audience?

J. M. R. (Texas).—Glad for your sake that, as a result of the elections, Texas is to remain a "wet" State for another four years at least.

"CONSTANT READER" (Brecon).—You must leave at the expiration of the notice, otherwise your employer could have you removed from the premises.

MISS N. N. (Ealing, W.).—You are a little too sharp, Miss Nellie. The Post Office notice does not say *each separate* postal order, but that "British Postal Orders" can be changed at the Bank of England for gold. If you presented a shilling p.o. to the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street and asked for gold, the obliging officials would tell you to run away and play, there's a good girl. But push ten of them across the counter, and a new half-a-sov. will instantly come your way.

MISS V. P. (Penzance).—We do not think the Cornish clod who told his mate that Martial Law was brother to Bonar Law, deserves a biscuit. He strikes us as being altogether undeserving.

C. W. S. (Ascot).—We note that Alfred Bilson has been sentenced by the Reading Bench to six months' "hard"—his ninth conviction!—for an indecent assault on a little girl. The punishment is farcical. It is as good as saying "Come out and do it again." We think this is a case in which a very drastic course should have been taken.

G. A. T. (Macclesfield).—The authorities have recently stated that no so-called "agencies" have special facilities for telegraphing war news to relatives of soldiers at the front. The earliest intimation of casualties comes from the War Office *direct*. So all who pay fees to unauthorised concerns are throwing their money away, as well as encouraging a cruel imposture.

X. (Burnley). inquires: "In the event of Germany's downfall (which seems likely), will it mean St. Helena for Billy the Stink-bomb?" We hope so—with an accent on the Hel.

W. E. H. (Sierra Leone).—His Excellency the Governor of your Colony will not, for some time, again have the chance to favour German steamship companies when voyaging between England and West Africa.

C. R. (Glasgow).—We agree that Austrian knife-grinders should not be patronised whilst loyal British subjects in the same profession go unemployed. We have not the same degree of anger against the Austrians as against the Germans, as they are merely poor tools. All the same, they are alien enemies, and being such, should not be nourished.

"ORSON" (Brighton).—A girl over 18 years of age may leave home without her parent's consent. She may become engaged, but may not marry without the consent of her father or other guardian.

P. (King's Heath), "INTERESTED READER," E. H., and "EVERY LITTLE HELPS."—Thanks for contribution to our Trinket Fund.

J. W. M. (Southport).—You should really see a doctor.

MR. VINCENT THOMPSON, of Bristol, wishes it to be made clear that he is not the Mr. Thompson who, with the Rev. Mr. Adam and the Rev. Mr. Gray, witnessed brutality on the part of a master to certain Poor Law boys at the National Nautical school. The Mr. Thompson concerned is, we understand, Mr. *George* Thompson. We are sorry for the mistake—which arose through an error in a local newspaper—and have, therefore, to congratulate Mr. George, instead of Mr. Vincent.

A. K. (Wandsworth).—Strictly speaking the bank is within its rights to defer payment until the moratorium expires; but, as we have already stated, the course pursued has not been adopted by any other institution, and you should avoid dealing in future with concerns of this nature.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to the closing of the Stock Exchange and the great pressure on our space by other matter, we are this week compelled to hold over our City Notes and Legal, Financial and Insurance Letter Bag. Inquiries on these subjects, when accompanied by the usual shilling postal order, will be answered by letter.

£250 for Two or Three Words. See "Bullets," page 24.

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

"JUST LIKE CLUTTERBUCK!"

(A sergeant of the King's Own Royal Lancasters says his regiment, at the battle of Mons, got home with several dashing bayonet charges, one of the most brilliant being led by Captain Clutterbuck, formerly a ranker of the Yorkshire Light Infantry, who, with a handful of men, routed four times their number. He paid the price of his gallantry with his life. The sergeant added: "It was just like Clutterbuck.")

It was at Mons; the breathless fight
  Ran to a second day,
After a storm of shell by night,
  A fresh and furious fray:
There, in the hot, unpitying sun,
The Germans gathered, four to one;
Said our Captain, "Duty must be done!"
  That was just like Clutterbuck.

He summoned up his company,
  And keenly scanned each face;
"The foe are there," said he, "and we
  Must shift them from the place.
Fix bay'nets, boys! We'll let them feel
Just what it's like to taste cold steel!"
His smile he tried hard to conceal,
  Which was just like Clutterbuck.

Fiercer the deadly fight became,
  Hot as the mouth of hell;
The air around was a sheet of flame,
  And many a comrade fell.
Up stood the Captain as shrapnel burst
Over the men, who at it cursed;
In the charge he meant to be the first—
  That was just like Clutterbuck.

Just a glance at the foe he threw,
  On the hillside looming large,
Another glance at the lads he knew—
  Out rapped the one word, "Charge!"
He didn't look, when he'd said his say,
To see if his men sprang to obey,
But he rushed right on, and led the way!
  It was just like Clutterbuck.

A ringing cheer in exultant notes
  And fine North Country "burrs,"
Swells from the lusty, dusty throats
  Of the King's Own Lancasters;
Sheer up the hill each man-jack speeds,
Nobody falters save he who bleeds,
Racing hard—but the Captain leads,
  And that's just like Clutterbuck!

Never a moment now for talk,
  Now is the time to do;
Into the Germans they fairly walk—
  Lancashire lads all through!
Four to one! And a shirker might
Think it no shame to take to flight,
But the Captain thought the odds about right—
  Which was just like Clutterbuck.

There in the thick of all the din,
  Bang in the front was he,
Like a lion loose, and wiring in—
  Leading to victory!
But, when the fight was just on won,
King Death beckoned his bravest son,
His time had come—but duty was done—
  That was just like Clutterbuck.

Happy the land with such tales to tell!
  It can be conquered never!
Happy the heroes who, like him, fell—
  For they shall live for ever!
When British heroes, in British ways,
Achieve great deeds in coming days,
These be the terms of your proudest praise—
  "It was just like Clutterbuck!"

RICARDO.

Printer's Pie.

"DAILY SKETCH":—
"The movements of the opposing armies near Paris have been continued WITHOUT TAKING PLACE."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—
"We saw IN THE TRAIN what was left of the city" (Louvain).

RECRUITING AUTHORITIES, Southminster (handbill):—
"OPEN-AIR meetings will be held on Saturday evening, September 5th, IN the Drill Hall, Southminster.

"STANDARD":—
"Mayfair, which has always been prominent in charitable work, can surely spare some of its fine RAIMENT, if not to clothe the naked, assuredly to FEED the hungry."

"BANBURY GUARDIAN":—
"The other members of the company ATE Miss Phyllis Grey, etc."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO":—
"Cardinal Vanutelli . . . . has had the misfortune to break his CONCLAVE."

ALEXANDRA HOTEL, Killarney (advertising card):—
"This Hotel contains all facilities and INCONVENIENCES of a good Hotel"

"MANCHESTER CHRONICLE":—
"About three thousand men have BEEN left behind in the camps."

"BRADFORD DAILY TELEGRAPH":—
"Capt. Vouitch . . . . regarded every man of the third class as a FRANTIC TIREUR, and had them all shot."

Bull's Eyes.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—

Isn't the end of the War only a "matter of corps"?

Although the Kaiser has made his own bed, need he "lie" on it so much?

Isn't Mr. McKenna rather too fond of "letting things out" to be in charge of the Press Bureau?

Isn't the Kaiser also complaining that the Russian "flag" is not in evidence?

Shouldn't all map publishers wait until Germany is "put in her place"?

Did General Villa protest against German barbarities out of jealousy?

Isn't the Russian Army preparing to "s-hoch der Kaiser"?

Aren't the enemy providing disgraceful "acts" in the theatre of war?

Isn't there a good "hiding" for the German Navy in the open sea?

What is *your* Regiment?

Do you know that there are some "Golden" Bullets on page 24?

* * *

The man who said that the occupation of Ostend was "ostendsibly" for the landing of troops, has added to the atrocities of the war.

* * *

The King of Tonga has given an assurance of his neutrality. We breathe more freely.

* * *

Although over one thousand cooks have been taken on for the Army, it can manage very well with one Kitchener.

* * *

Six hundred tramwaymen have enlisted at Birmingham. Infantry of the "line."

* * *

Territorials in camp who have been vaccinated now complain of that "lymph" feeling.

* * *

A number of German soldiers have entered Paris—disguised as prisoners.

* * *

The latest tie is of "battleship grey." It ought to be made of shot silk.

* * *

Throughout the land, from sea to sea,
  The Kaiser boasts his "culture";
A poet's licence it must be,
  His eagle's but a vulture.

Don't forget the Pen Coupon on Page 15.

OUR THIRD FOOTBALL CONTEST.

HOME AND AWAY WINS AND DRAWS

£1,000

FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON

NOTHING TO PAY!

It seems tolerably certain that the League Clubs will fulfil their season's engagements. That being so, we are reverting with our third contest this week to our original style of coupon, and the task set competitors is to forecast "Home" and "Away" wins and Draws. No goals are required. You can send in as many coupons as you like, but send early.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, October 3rd, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

COUPON and Rules on PAGE 2 of COVER.

Should no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, **£100** will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecast, even if only 8 or 10.

In addition we shall pay an extra £25 cash prize for the most correct forecast sent on a "Mary Bull" mauve coupon. Thus in any event **£125 must be won.**

£25 "MAUVE" COUPON PRIZE.

By using a "Mary Bull" **mauve** coupon, you have the opportunity of winning not only the £1,000 or the £100, but an **extra £25.** Should a mauve coupon win, or share the £1,000 or £100, the £25 will be awarded to the sender of **the next** best mauve coupon. The mauve coupon will be found in this week's "Mary Bull" on sale Friday, September 18th.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 3."

The closing date is Friday, October 2nd.

SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

Result of our First Football Competition.

Probably owing to the fact that certain of the "Away" wins were of the unexpected order, nobody succeeded in forecasting six Away results according to the conditions of our Competition.

No fewer than 195 competitors, however, placed five Away wins correctly, and these share the £250 Prize, each receiving £1 5s. 8d. Of the winners, some fifty sent their solutions on Mauve (*Mary Bull*) coupons.

We have not the space to print the list of winners, but same can be seen at our office, or will be forwarded to any applicant on receipt of a penny stamp.

GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

A REAL GEM FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

DEAR "JOHN BULL,"—Many thanks for your splendid article "Brother, what of the day?" is simply a rouser.

Last Wednesday we had an open-air recruiting meeting, when the Bishop and Colonel Furguson addressed the crowd, but our Mayor, Mr. Weston Wheeler in his vigorous speech carried all before him. *Twice he quoted* JOHN BULL.

It is a healthy sign when we find strong public men who have the pluck and the power, the physique and capacity of the Mayor, throw off the conventional out-of-date theories and red tape which bar enlightenment. I trust many more in this city will become like myself

A CONSTANT READER.

Wells, Somerset. Sept. 6th, 1914.

Racing Notes.

Doncaster is certainly not quite as lively as usual, but there were plenty of people present. Despite the improved behaviour of Kennymore, he could not win the Leger, though when they turned into the straight it looked odds on him. We were glad to see Jarnac II. win the Doncaster Welter. It proved that our recommendation and support of him for the Stewards' Cup was at least based on good grounds. Horses that have won this Doncaster race have before gone and won the Cambridgeshire, and we are hoping that there may be no stopping of racing till at least after that race, for with his weight we consider Jarnac to have an excellent chance.

The Jockey Club will meet this week and decide whether or no it is advisable to continue racing. The three autumn meetings at Newmarket will shortly be due and it would indeed be a pity could these not be held. At the present time there are something like 10,000 soldiers encamped on Newmarket Heath and just how long they are likely to stop is apparently unknown. Still, the training operations and work go on all right, so the presence of the military would not necessarily make racing impossible.

Ayr having been abandoned, the only racing this week will take place at Windsor on Friday and Saturday. Here are just a few selections: On Friday, WILLIAMS PRIDE may take the Royal Borough Handicap; BESS, the Merry Wives' Nursery; and PITMASTON, the Queen Anne's Welter. On Saturday, the September Handicap should fall to DRAUGHTSMAN; the Ivor Nursery to STRATHMASIE; the Village Selling Plate to MENLO, and ORMETTE* in the Frogmore Welter should prove the best thing of the week.

TEN SPLENDID WAR PRIZES

AND

1st Prize **£250** **1st Prize**

IN ADDITION MANY OTHER GRAND PRIZES TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

£250 1st Prize.

TEN WAR PRIZES OF £20 each

100 Prizes of 10/-

10 Prizes of £2 10 | **1,000 Handsome Prizes** | **200 Prizes of 5/-**

Bullets can be constructed only from any of these 30 Examples.

BRITISH SOLDIERS	HURRYING HOME	TOPICAL SONG	A BIG MEETING	CHARGING DOUBLE
THE STEAM ROLLER	MOST CHEERING WHEN	WHAT BRIDGET SAID	GERMAN ACCOUNTS	GENERALLY PROVES EXPENSIVE
GLORIOUS NEWS	ENGLAND'S SALVATION	BREAK OF DAY	FEELING THE PINCH	BY THE FIRESIDE
A BAD LICKING	FLYING BY NIGHT	MARKED MAN	UNLIMITED CREDIT	PARLOUR GAMES
SILENT WATCH	BASTARDLY BLOW	THE BARE FARE	PUBLISHING THE TRUTH	CHANGE OF FRONT
A READY RESPONSE	WHEN HUBBY ARRIVES	SHOCKING WASTE	SAVING THE SITUATION	NOBODY DOUBTS THAT

BIGGEST PRIZE OFFER OF ANY PAPER

Closing date, Thursday, September 24th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(103) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.
This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated September 26th.

Closing date, Thursday, September 24th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(103) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

FOR RESULT OF COMPETITION 100
See Page Opposite.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "GENERALLY PROVES EXPENSIVE," and take the letters "L" and "S," using the word "WITHOUT" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet "LENDING WITHOUT SECURITY." From the example "PUBLISHING THE TRUTH," the Bullet "SOMETIMES UNPLEASANT" can be formed. Again, if you choose the example, "NOBODY DOUBTS THAT," using the letter "S" as initial for both the first and last word, you can form the Bullet, "SHIRKERS RARELY SUCCEED."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 103," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 10th, 1914.

RESULT OF 100TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £100:—

Mr. FRED H. BLACKMORE,
81, Kensington Crescent,
Swansea.
South Wales.

Example:—WHAT BRITAIN NEEDS.
Bullet:—NO MORE "DUMPS."

10 WAR PRIZES OF £25 EACH:

Mr. W CLOUGH, 34, Mannville, Bradford, Yorks:
RAPID ADVANCE—"POSITION" MEANS EVERYTHING.
Mr. JAMES CHEETHAM, 147, Turncroft Lane, Stockport:
WHAT BRITAIN NEEDS—SUCCESS WITH "EXPEDITION."
Mr. W. LEEMING, Jun., 56, St. Dunstan's, Canterbury:
SAMPLING THE GOODS—GENERALLY WAITER'S THUMB.
Mr R. CARRINGTON, 29, Thorburn Square, Southwark Park Road, London, S.E.:
WHAT BRITAIN NEEDS—SOLDIERS AND "SPORTS"
Mr. E. H. MANWARING, 99, High Road, Balham, S.W.:
RAPID ADVANCE—COUPLE IN "RETREAT."
Mr; W. PARKE, 184, Inchmery Road, Catford, S.E.:
MOST ALARMING WHEN—ARMY "DIVISIONS" APPEAR.
Mr. W. LITTLE, 8, Dinsdale Terrace, Newtown, Stockton-on-Tees:
WHAT BRITAIN NEEDS—NERVE, NOT NERVES.
Mrs. CREBAR, School House, Galashiels, Scotland:
A SHORT ENGAGEMENT—SWINDLER'S PREMISES GENERALLY.
Mr. JOE VICKERY, 32, Victoria Parade, Torquay, Devon.:
WHAT BRITAIN NEEDS—STIFFENING WITHOUT STARCH.
Mrs. F. ATHERTON, 10, High Lane, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester:
HEAVY CHARGES—SUGGESTS "BLEEDING" SOMEONE.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Mrs. E. KILLIN, 60, Kingsdown Avenue, W. Ealing, London, W.:
A SHORT ENGAGEMENT—EVIDENTLY "TRIFLING" AFFAIR.
Mr. THOMAS F. MOORE, 99, Adelaide Street, Blackpool, Lancs.:
MAKING HIS MARK—KAISER RE-DESIGNS SHILLING.
Mr. A. W. ELLIS, The Cinema, Sidmouth:
BUSINESS AS USUAL—BARBER BECOMES UHLAN.
Mrs. J. JONES, 59, Church Lane Normanton, Yorkshire:
BUSINESS AS USUAL—SERVANT'S MISTRESS ENTERS.
Mrs. McPHAIL, 107, Bellevue Road, Edinburgh:
SAMPLING THE GOODS—SCHOOLBOY DURING GRACE!
Mr. R. BENTLEY, 330, Waterloo Road, Hanley, Staffs.
WHAT BRITAIN NEEDS—"DUTY" ON "WATER."
Mr. MATTHEW TURNER, Room 92B., G.P.O., Liverpool:
MOST ALARMING WHEN—"ADVANCE" NECESSITATES "WITHDRAWAL."
Mr. R. E. PLOWRIGHT, 147, Sutton Court, Chiswick, W.:
FALSE RUMOUR—"ENGAGEMENTS" OFTEN ARE.
Mr. G. W. STONE, Hon. Sec. V. B. C., Pelham Hotel, Chichester Road, Portsmouth:
BUSINESS AS USUAL—"LEFT FLANK"—ALLIES.
Mr. LESLIE D. FRASER, 49, Ravel Row, Parkhead, Glasgow:
SILENT VICTORY—SAMSON'S "BARBER" OBTAINED.

100 PRIZE WINNERS OF £1 EACH.

AMBROSE, C., 7, Grove Terrace, Horton Rd., Bradford, Yorks.
ANDREWS, R. E., Thelma, Woodthorpe Rd., Ashford Mdlx.
ANDREWS, J., 28, St. John's Road, Golders Green, N.W.
ANDERSON, A. G., 21, Thornbury Road, Isleworth.
ANGEL, E. (Mrs.), 2, Clifton Hill, Exeter.
ANSLOW, E., Post Office, Greenfields, Shrewsbury.
ASHURST, D. (Miss), 31, Frog Lane, Wigan.
BALDWIN (Nurse), Borough Mental Hospital, Leicester.
BANKS, MARY, Slack, Briercliffe, near Burnley, Lancs.
BEHARRELL, J., Hessle Common, Hull, E. Yorks.
BINNS, C. H., 29, Chapel Street, Greasbro', Rotherham.
BOOTH, T. (Mrs.), Main Street, Frodsham, Warrington.
BORTHWICK, F. J., 24, Southfield Pl., Portobello, Edinburgh.
BUTCHER, A., 13, Prospect Place, Leiston, Suffolk.
CAMP, H., Police Station, Sawbridgeworth, Herts.
CANDY, E. D., H.M.S. *Iron Duke* c.o. G.P.O.
CANNEN, M. A., 8, Manor Road, Rugby.
CHESHIRE, J., 14, Athol Street, Poplar, London E.
CLICK, E. (Mrs.), 23, Union St., Gelli, Ystrad Rhondda, Glm.
COLLON, J. (Sgt.), 3rd Royal Sussex Regt., Fort Burgoyne, Dover.
CONNONS, J. B., 135, Neath Rd., Briton Ferry, South Wales.
COOK, H. T. (Mrs.), 525, Green Lanes, Harringay, N.
COUSENS, C. W., 7, Jessel House, Judd St., Euston, W.C.
CRAIG, W., Irish Boot Factory, Back Lane, Dublin.
CROFTON, M. (Capt.), R.H.A., Stardens, Newent, Gloucester.
CURRIN, C. (Mrs.), 41, St. Matthew Street, Hull, Yorks.
DAVIES, H. (Dr.), 34, Rockingham Tce., Briton Ferry, Glam.
DUFFIN, R., 8, Viewbank Terrace, Dundee.
DYER, L. H., 21, Schofield Street, Clayton, Manchester.
ELKINGTON, L., 42, Queen Street, Haverhill, Cambridge.
ELLIOTT, F., 6, Gales' Gardens, Bethnal Green Road, E.
ENGLAND, J. H., Veterinary Forges, Wade Street, Bristol.
FALCONER (Mrs.), Victoria Avenue, Sowerby Bridge.
GARDNER, J. (Junr.), 10, Moir Street, Glasgow.
GLASBEY, W. J., 215, Station St., Swinton, Rotherham.
GOODE, N. (Mrs.), 4, St. Peter's Rd., Wisbech, Cambridgeshire
GORDON, AGNES S., 33, Kinnaird St., Arbroath, Scotland.
GOTHARD, A., 326, Leeds Road, Dewsbury.
HALL, A. (Mrs.), 64, Millstone Lane, Nantwich.
HAMILTON, J., 94, Bridge Street, Birkenhead.
HARVEY, C., c.o. Lancashire Dynamo Co., Trafford Park, Manchester.
HAYDEN, B., 34, Alberta Street, Walworth, S.E.
HOLDER, E. M. (Mrs.), 20, Haslemere Road, Portsmouth.
HORNSBY, C. M. (Mrs.), 51, Franklin Rd., Gillingham, Kent.
HORSLEY, G. (Mrs.), Carlton Scroop, Grantham.
HOUSER, W. G., 166, Camp Road, Leeds.
HYDE, F., 14, Nottingham Street, Cardiff.
JACKSON, M. (Nurse), Rosthern, Knutsford, Cheshire.
JACKSON, F., 15, Cromwell Street, Lincoln.
JARVIS, E., 17, Tan y-Fron R.l., Tan-y-Fron, Co. Wrexham.
KEEL, L., 67, Beaconsfield Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
LACEY, F., 55, Marlborough Road, Stockton-on-Tees.
LANE, O., 39, Broxash Road, Clapham Common, S.W.
LONGFORD, H., 55, St. Denys Road, Southampton.
MAKEPEACE, R. T., 43, Grove Terr., Huntington Rd., York.
MAPPIN, S. C. (Mrs.), 52, Cecil Road, Erdington, Birmingham.
MARCUS, M., 54, Rankeillor Street, Edinburgh.
McCONNELL, W., 24, Loanhead St., Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.
McCARTHY, E., 103, West Street, Drogheda.
McERLEAN, W., 75, Divis Street, Belfast.
MACFARLANE, A., 33A, Roman Road, Motherwell, N.B.
McRAE, J., 36, Holburn Road, Aberdeen.
MUSSON, A. F., 3, Bolton Gdns. Mews., S. Kensington, S.W.
O'BRIEN, E. (Miss), 12, Clive Avenue, Hastings.
PARR, C. E., Campswood, Little Eaton, near Derby.
PERKINS, A., King Street, Southwell, Notts.
PHILLIPS, L. (Mrs.), Hillside Cottage, Blackwood, Newport, Mon.
PICKARD, C. M. B. (Mrs.), 32, Marloe Road, Leicester.
PRICE, T. R., National Reserve, Hereford.
QUITTENDEN, L. J. (Mrs.), 45, Trego Road, Victoria Park, N.E.

The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. W. Belcher, Bookseller, Fore-st., Bridgwater, from Thursday, September 17.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at The Empire Cinema, Bridgwater.

RANDS, R., 43, Northbrook Road, Ilford.
RENOUF, D., Maisonette, Roseville Street Jersey, C.I.
RICHARDS, D., 21, St. Alban's Road Treherbert, Glam.
ROBERTS, A. (Miss), 60, Gordon Avenue. Southampton.
ROSCOE, J., P.O., Caton, Lancaster.
ROWE, L. A. (Miss), May Villas, 7, Harrington Street, Derby.
SAVILE, A., Railway Terr., Wenden, near Saffron Walden, Essex.
SHERRATT, W. A., Jun., Moss Road, Askus Spa, Doncaster.
SHERWIN, A. (Miss), Parkside, Basford, Stoke-on-Trent.
SIDDALS, E. (Miss), Sandiacre Lane, Breaston, near Derby.
SPANKES, J., 111, Oswald Road, Southall, Middlesex.
SWIRLES, L. (Miss), 262, Sheffield Road, Wadsley Bridge, Sheffield.
TANK, S. (Mrs.), 159, Dames Road, Forest Gate, E.
TANNER, V., Helme View, Kendal.
TAYLOR, E. W., 36, Langdale Road, Thornton Heath.
TAYLOR, H., 43, Sandy Lane, Middleton.
TELLWRIGHT, A., 75, Chapel Street, Leigh, Lancs.
THORNE, F., Manager, Varieties, Hoxton.
THORLEY, S. J. (Mrs.), Oswald Rd. School, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.
UPTON, M. H., 276, Yardley Road, South Yardley, Birmingham.
USHER, J. C. (Mrs.), 23, Taswell Rd., Southsea.
WALSH, J., 380, Stanley Rd., Liverpool.
WHEATLEY E. Mr. Station-master, Millbay Station, Plymouth.
WELLS J., 3, Springfield Park, Burnside, Rutherglen, N.B.
WILKINS, W. H., 18, Tuddenham Road, Ipswich.
WILLIAMS, W. H., 26, Murphy Bldgs., Borough Rd., Southwark, S.E.
WILLIAMS, L. H., 16, Platts Crescent, Amblecote, Stourbridge.
WILLIAMS, J. A., 21, Norton Terrace Geyncorrwy. South Wales.
WILLIAMS, J., Hazelmere, West Parade Bognor, Sussex.
WINPENNY, L. P., 19, Springdale Street, Longroyd Bridge, Huddersfield.

Selection from 200 Prize-Winners of 10s. each.

DANTER, E. (Miss), 32, Dunraven Street, Aberkenfig, Glam.
DAVIES, P. C., 102, King Street, Normanton, Yorks.
DEAN, J. H., Gas Works House, Johnstown, Ruabon.
DESMOND, Lte. T., Sec. D., Northampton Regt., "G" Coy., Weymouth.
DOWELL, E., 42, Berkeley Square, W.
DOWDALL, J. (Mrs.), 267, Ladbroke Grove, North Kensington.
DOYLE, N. (Miss), 19, Grange Road, West Bromwich.
DREW, A. P., 3, Dean St., Stoke, Coventry.
DUNLOP, M., Overhall, Clackmannan, N.B.
DUNLOP, R., The Cinema House, Dunfermline, Scotland.
DUNWOODY, R., Hampden Club, Hampden Street, London, W.
DYMOND, J. B., 3 N. Loudoun Place, Cardiff, South Wales.
EDMONDS, J. E. (Mrs.), Spa Gardens, St. Saviours, Bath.
ELLIS, Wm., Poplar Cottage, Horsham, Surrey.
EVANS, T., 4, Leighton Place, Lower Brook Street, Oswestry, Salop.
EVANS, G. (Mrs.), Coveney Rectory, Coveney, near Cambridge.
FALLON, J. P., Greville Street, Mullingar, Co. Westmeath.
FINGUELLES, L., 192, Commercial Road, Portsmouth.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 24, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, September 24th.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

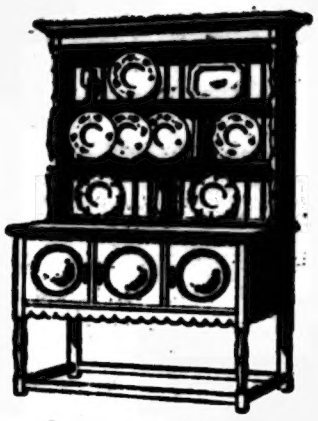
7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

To provide employment during the War.

How you can help.



A most artistic Dresser, beautifully made of seasoned oak, finished a rich antique brown. A roomy cupboard in the lower part is provided with handsomely designed doors. Marked price as usual, £9 9s. 0d.
Special War Price, £7 1s. 9d.

Our Graduал Payment System.

In spite of the War, the Midland Furnishing Co. are willing to accept orders on the Ideal Terms, for which arrangments can be made on personal application.

Handsomely constructed Queen Anne style Sideboard in mahogany, with bow front and beautifully quartered panels. Size, 5 ft. wide, 5 ft. 3 in. high. Fitted with drawer and two cupboards. A rare bargain. Marked price as usual, £18 12s. 0d.
Special War Price, £14 3s. 6d.

Thousands of workers in the furnishing and allied trades have been hard hit by the War.

The Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd., have taken the lead in an important movement to alleviate the growing distress. In order to keep trade going and provide employment at all costs, they have decided to sell the whole vast stock of superb furniture now in the "Midland" Salons, 15-23, Southampton Row, at a reduction of 5/- in the £1 for cash, and in many cases at less than cost price.

Buy your furniture at 25% Discount off all marked prices.

Every cash purchase you make at the "Midland" Salons will help to provide work and wages for those whose whole livelihood depends on the maintenance of continuous trade.

Every cash purchase you make at the "Midland" will do something to thwart the German ambition that distress at home may weaken the arm of Britain abroad.

At the same time the generous sacrifice made by the "Midland" for this patriotic purpose gives you your opportunity—an opportunity which may never come again as long as you live—to secure just the furniture you require and to save 5/- in the £1 on every cash purchase.

Come in person to the "Midland" Salons in Southampton Row. There, and there only, can you help others and save money at the same time, by availing yourself of the generous offer made by the "Midland." Come and choose what you want TO-DAY.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

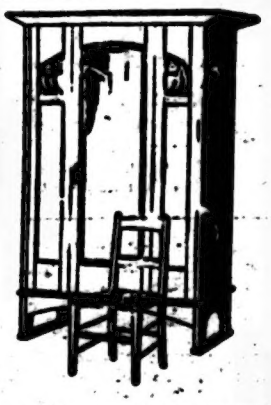
Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1

Governing Director, GEORGE MICHAEL *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*



A charming fumed oak Bedroom Suite, comprising commodious wardrobe and dressing-table with bevelled mirrors and leaded lights, marble topped washstand with tiled back, and two rush-seated chairs. Marked price as usual, £12 12s. 0d.
Special War Price, £9 9s. 0d.

Railway Fares Paid.

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

All goods packed free.

All goods purchased will be carefully packed, free of charge.

Large and comfortable Easy Chair, beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry or cretonne. Marked price as usual, £2 15s. 0d.
Special War Price, £2 1s. 3d.

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